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THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

It is recorded in that portion of sacred history which relates to the foundation of the second Jewish Temple, that many of the old men who had seen the glory of the "old house," wept aloud and shouted for joy. If a similar feeling animated any of the actors in the pageant of Thursday last, they were careful not to exhibit it in the shape of tears. But it is questionable whether a comparison of the old Exhibition and the new can give any very heartfelt joy to those who have known both. It is not true, as it was in the second Temple, that the contents are less rich or less varied; it is simply that the romance of the thing is gone, and the freshness of the idea has worn away. If second thoughts are best, second attempts are often not half as good. There is better music now at the opening ceremony; there is as good a list of guarantors; there is as great a rise in the price of London lodgings; and the edifice itself has two domes, many feet higher than the transepts of the Hyde Park building. But that became at once a Crystal Palace; and this is even now only an Industrial Exhibition. Poetry and imagination encircled the old Exhibition; it was the meeting of the nations, the inauguration of a new era, the temple of a new creed of peace and good-will among men. The descriptions of the new are couched in a different strain; prose takes the place of poetry, hopes of the future give way to summaries of the past. We do not now speculate what this is likely to produce in years to come; we are content chiefly to observe what progress it indicates as effected in those that are gone. Once we hoped everything from the idea; now we expect something from the material development. No better type of the change could be found than the altered appearance of this fabric. The present building is, externally, perhaps the most ugly edifice in Europe. It must have required real genius to produce an erection so brilliantly surpassing in unsightliness the monuments of Trafalgar-square, and the outlines of the city churches. We should like to know what the Queen of Sheba would have said if Solomon had presented to her as his latest work of art a kind of magnified cart-shed, which for weight, gloom, and disproportion, can never, in this world, at all events, be outdone. The reason of this ugliness is twofold. Partly it is due to that stern and mysterious predestination which relentlessly excludes the English nation from the fruition of fine buildings; and partly it is to be attributed to the more mercantile character of the scheme. The Exhibition of 1862 is meant to succeed; and to succeed has in the English language a very distinct meaning. Whatever we gain by it, we must not lose cash. And this is—we are speaking seriously—a very intelligible and rational ground to take up. A far-sighted policy, even in matters of money, will be ready to make particular sacrifices for a prospective general gain; but that displays of this kind should pay their own way is on all accounts most desirable. Let patronage start the undertaking; and then let patronage resign it into the hands of trade. Kings are good enough for nursing-fathers; and there their office ceases.

It is quite a pleasure to think that the building is open at last. There are some future events of which the uncertainty and vagueness oppress the mind which contemplates them; there are others, and those the most common, of which we are almost weary before they come to pass, so certainly and minutely are they forestalled in prophecy. Every one had heard so much of the ceremonial of the

1st of May, its procession, its music, its finery, that it seemed almost unnecessary that the scene so often imagined should be produced in material reality. But expectations are often happily delusive, and Japanese ambassadors supply an element of novelty and surprise for which no calculation could be made. There was, also, on this occasion the amusement of conjecturing how far the private quarrels of those responsible for the success of the ceremony would carry them. If, for instance, the policeman at the south entrance were to declare that he could not conscientiously preserve order with a truncheon, the manufacturer of which had insulted him that day twenty-five years, it would be a serious matter for the commissioners. Or if, at the last moment, the Bishop of London were to refuse decidedly to march in procession in front of a nobleman who had once been unkind to him at school, the whole demonstration would have to be given up, unless a French bishop could be induced to lend his services for the day. As it turned out, everything went off smoothly enough. It was generally expected that one of the Japanese embassy would choose some moment or other to perform, in the sight of the public, the honourable ceremony of the Happy Despatch; and the exact nature of the process was a subject upon which speculation was widely rife. But upon this occasion the ceremony in question was not thought necessary, and the disappointment of the public was only soothed by the reflection that nothing but politeness to their hosts could have prevented it. The police arrangements for the opening were not quite as perfect as might have been expected. Good furniture cannot have been improved by serving as a series of grand stands from which to view the procession. If a little more trouble had been taken to enable a larger number to see what was worth seeing without either climbing on one another's shoulders or trampling upon the industry of all nations, a good deal of damage might have been saved; and it might have been possible to withstand the victorious onset of the crowd which, led by a forlorn hope of daring ladies, carried the galleries prematurely by storm. The attack and defence of the numerous points of vantage was in reality among the most exciting work of the day. Physical force was of course more prominent than skill; and the courage which consists in standing upright with three others on the frailest of glass cases, is but another form of the military heroism which forced the gates of Delhi and defended the walls of Jellalabad. But science had also its part to play; chiefly, it must be owned, in the direction of enormous lying. Since the days of the candidate for the civil service who, when asked the date of the Hegira, replied, "The date was the year 1.—P.S. I am a Mohamadan," audacious personation has never carried so much before it as in the last few days at South Kensington. In the end, it is said, when seven persons of the name of Lord Granville had applied for admission, all presenting a different personal appearance and a different dress, it was ordered by the authorities that the nobleman should henceforth be entirely excluded from the building, as being offensively troublesome and unduly versatile.

We cannot truthfully declare that in the inaugural ceremony that grandeur really appeared which the daily papers think it their duty to chronicle. It appears to us that too often the object of newspaper records seems to be not so much to describe scenes for the pleasure of the reader, as to impress upon him a sense of his own social inferiority in not having witnessed the spectacle. The procession may have been grand in virtue of the stupendous rank and dignity of the performers; but to see half a hundred English



gentlemen walking slowly between narrow barriers, and trying to look as if it did not remind them of Smithfield, hardly impresses the mind with that idea of magnificence which the narration of its glories would seem to imply. It is painful to be obliged to state it in print, but it is true that the Lord Chancellor utterly failed in keeping step. And though it is not noticed in any of the leading journals, we must honestly say that the way in which the highest dignitaries of the Church kept treading on one another's heels, was a positive disgrace to the Establishment. Old John Clerk, of Edinburgh, it is said, used to read the Riot Act to the cats which disturbed him at night; and it seems a proceeding of no very dissimilar kind to employ the paraphernalia of wigs and trains to open an Industrial Exhibition of the works of all nations. The Lord Mayor was certainly a fine object in the procession; and when arrayed in glorious gold, and preceded by the mace, he looked, we do not hesitate to say, every inch a Lord Mayor. The best part of the whole display was the sight of the crowd—the thronged orchestra, surmounted by what seems a gigantic pack of cards, but is in reality a time-piece, the gay dresses of the people, and the effective colouring of the framework. It was not expected that the music would succeed as well as the procession, but it succeeded as well as the nature of the building would allow; the *chorale* of Dr. Bennett pleased every one, and the beauty of its few opening bars appeared quite to take the audience by surprise. The official programme was not strictly adhered to in respect of the music; and perhaps as it declared that for an hour and a half the three bands of the Guards were to “play together,” it may have been supposed to admit of an ambiguous interpretation. It would be interesting to know who was responsible for the arrangements notified in the published books of the ceremony, in which it was directed by authority that the royal princes should arrive at one o'clock at the entrance in Cromwell-road, and directed with equal distinctness that precisely at a quarter past one the bands should proceed there to meet them.

Moses, say the Hebrew Rabbis, when a child in Pharaoh's palace, while playing one day with a rich crown, dropped and broke it. The King was angry, and commanded that the child should be put to death. But Jethro, being on a visit to the Egyptian court, pleaded so strongly in favour of the boy, that Pharaoh consented to subject him to an experiment. He placed before him a plateful of glittering gold, and a censer of burning coals. Moses, being a wise child, and guided by the interposition of an angel, rejected the gold, and chose the coal; and Pharaoh marvelled at his wisdom, and forgave him his offence. How the infant prophet showed his sagacity in the choice, the legend does not say; and children in the present day are taught, for the most part, that playing with fire is perilous. But the idea seems to be, that intrinsic worth, even in coal and metal, is more important than external appearance; and this very simple aphorism has been almost lost sight of by half the preachers and journalists of the day. We have spoken of the ugliness of the building; but we hardly blamed it for not being beautiful. On the contrary, the trivial details of height and length have, it seems to us, been too frequently dwelt upon with a fondness almost puerile. What can it matter whether the domes are a few feet higher than St. Paul's or a few feet lower? If we chose, we could build a dome big enough to cover an ordinary village; and the mightiest design that we shall ever produce for temporary exhibitions of industry, will never be half as grand as the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar. The laureate, with happy art, has managed, a second time this year, to say in a few lines exactly what every thoughtful person would wish to be said. The Exhibition serves two ends; it is an education in science and art, and it is a visible embodiment of a generous human feeling. Either of these two, without the other, is an imperfect conception of its use; either may be pressed into an exaggeration. There are some people who seem to think that the working-men of Lancashire will, by coming up to town for a week, without any special education and training, at once develop a magic fertility of invention and mechanical genius. They might as well, to use a homely south-country simile, set ducks to swim in hot water, and expect them to lay eggs ready boiled. On the other hand, some few enthusiasts are not deterred by experience from rushing headlong into millennial anticipations. Charity hopeth all things, we are told; but to hope all things, is, nevertheless, to be disappointed in many. The true moral of the day is the obvious one. The nations do meet once more in peace; and they do again recognise, if for one day only, what are the best trophies of manhood, and what the most fruitful horns of plenty.

MR. GLADSTONE AT MANCHESTER.

IT is not surprising that Mr. Gladstone should have had a brilliant reception in Lancashire—if, indeed, the word brilliant can be applied to a quarter over which hangs so thick a gloom as that which now overshadows the great centre of manufacturing industry. The name of Gladstone is one of which Lancashire has reason to be proud. The first and second Peels were distinguished examples of an hereditary succession in which scholarship and political education added fresh lustre in the second generation to a name already illus-

trious in the records of commercial enterprise. The father and the son of the Gladstone house afford a remarkable parallel: and Lancashire may congratulate itself on having twice produced, in two families, a pair so eminent in ability and public services. In spite of the striking dissimilarity, both of temper of mind and complexion of genius, which distinguish the late Sir R. Peel from the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, there are resemblances in the two careers which exhibit a curious parallelism. In both the effects of an early education instilled with “the strong contagion of the gown” had given a stamp of somewhat sentimental Toryism to their youthful political opinions. In both—especially on topics into which religious and ecclesiastical considerations entered—there was a tone which smacked much more of the Oxford schools than of the Lancashire Exchange. In both the discipline of life and the experience of affairs were destined to purge away the fancies, the prejudices, and the sympathies of a scholastic ardour, and as even in spots where the greatest pains have been taken to introduce a purely artificial culture the indigenous growth of the soil crops out amidst the flower-beds, so both in Peel and Gladstone the Oxonian parterre gradually relapsed into the native Lancashire heath. Peel upon Free Trade was not more different from the Peel of Protestantism or the Peel of Protection than is the recent Gladstone from the youthful author of the “Connection of Church and State.” You may expel Lancashire with a fork, but nature is stronger than colleges, and all in good time it is found that what is bred in the bone will not go out of the flesh. Mr. Gladstone in another respect promises to be the counterpart of his early chief. If he is the “child and champion” of Lancashire, he seems likely to be not the less the accursed of the Carlton. We hope, and indeed believe, that a more thorough education and a closer intercourse are by degrees breaking down the irrational, but not the less instinctive jealousies which have so long severed the sympathies of the landed interest and the manufacturing capitalists. Still, in spite of reason and good feeling and good sense, there are prejudices so inveterate and dislikes so deeply rooted, that their traces will long remain. To hear Mr. Bright on the subject of landlords, or Mr. Bentinck on the topic of manufacturers, is to carry one back to the days of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, who fought for we know not what against we know not whom. Nevertheless, the Guelph of the Carlton knows a Lancashire Ghibelline well enough when he sees him; he can nose him, as Hamlet says, in the lobby, and the Tories have long ago made up their minds about Mr. Gladstone. With them finance is not a question of policy or of calculation, it has become a matter of party passion and almost of personal hostility. Hence the bitterness of the opposition to the Commercial Treaty with France, and the extraordinary animosity which is exhibited on questions in which no real interests appear to be involved. This, we cannot but think, is a frame of mind which is alike injurious to the attacked and the attacking party. It is not in human nature for a man to remain unaffected by a sort of opposition which amounts almost to persecution. The result even on the most stable and equal minds is to provoke them from their natural moderation into extremes, into which they would otherwise have never been driven. Even in the case of the late Sir R. Peel, the result of the violent and unjust animosity of the Tory party began to appear in the tone and temper of his later speeches. There were certain indications of a sentimental and semi-socialistic disposition to dwell on the wrongs of the working classes, which was the not unnatural result of the violent attacks which the landed interest never ceased to make upon the author of the repeal of the Corn Laws. And if the ablest debater, and beyond all comparison the first orator of the House of Commons, is turned in time into a thorough-going Radical, the gentlemen of the Carlton will have no one to thank for it but themselves. Men will, in spite of their teeth, come to sympathize with those by whom they are appreciated; and politicians even more angelic than Mr. Gladstone will be alienated in time from those by whom they are perpetually vilified.

At Manchester the author of the commercial treaty with France had an easy triumph. The opening of a new market, limited as it at present may be, is the one gleam of comfort amidst the gloom of the American disaster. We are not so sanguine as to share Mr. Gladstone's hopes that the greater interchange of goods, or even of letters between Paris and London, is likely much to conduce to the establishment of a reign of universal peace. If the mutual interests of a kindred people and a common trade could have made war impossible, it should have been impossible between England and America. Yet the recollection of the discussion on the *Trent* is too recent not to remind us how fallacious is a dependence on such considerations to assuage the passions of nations. Mr. Gladstone would have been wiser to have left the eulogy of his favourite work to rest on its own grounds, than to have sought to invest it with a delusive halo which is borrowed from the deceptive phantasmagoria of Mr. Cobden. Commercial treaties may produce flourishing manufactures and an abundant Exchequer; but to hold out a hope that they will produce peace on earth is to excite expectations which are not likely to be realised.

Upon the difficult question of American politics, Mr. Gladstone's

IN the days possibly his political Mansion-House graces, airs, and political one. Turkish Ambassador except Mr. Dist had scarce introduced the managed, however which delights in the habit substantive in l

views appear to us decisive and just. He forcibly repels the unjust reproaches which have been levelled against England by the Northern politicians. He points out, with great truth, that the Washington statesmen who are now so indignant at our neutrality, up to a twelvemonth ago were themselves consenting parties to the Southern institutions against which they now demand that we should openly wage war. Circumstances led them to take a different view of their own position, but it is hardly reasonable that we should be denounced for observing a neutrality which, while it suited their purpose, they themselves sedulously practised. The demand on our anti-slavery sympathies, as Mr. Gladstone remarks, is premature until we have some better reason than we already possess for believing that the North are not prepared to compromise the question of slavery itself on condition of regaining the supremacy of the Union, for which they are in reality struggling. We entirely concur with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the reduction of the South by conquest is a moral no less than a physical impossibility; but, unhappily, Mr. Gladstone is not better able than any one else to supply us with the solution of a quarrel which seems at once hopeless and interminable.

But of all the multifarious questions which the Chancellor of the Exchequer touched and adorned at Manchester, the most serious is that which belongs more especially to his own especial province. The alarming growth of the expenditure of the country is a subject which we have recently had occasion to discuss. In 1853 the expenditure of the country was 55 millions; we had then a revenue of 59 millions. That, says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was "an honest, a sound, and a healthful state for the finances of the country." He adds, "*We now stand very differently*"—a candid but an alarming admission for the chief of the public finances. We have now an expenditure of 70 millions, with a revenue which, great as it is, barely keeps pace with the frightful acceleration of outgoings. Mr. Gladstone, with justice, repudiates the attempt to fix the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the responsibility of this state of things. It is the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find an income, and he has found us the enormous, and we should have thought ample, revenue of 70 millions,—a sum, as we are reminded, greater than ever was raised in one year by this country, even in the times of its greatest wars. The Chancellor of the Exchequer finds the revenue, but it is the people and the Parliament who find the expenditure. Is such an expenditure as this necessary,—nay, is it possible,—is it compatible with solvency? That is the question which Mr. Gladstone propounds, and which it behoves every man who has the means of influencing public opinion seriously to ponder. It is impossible to expect that Governments on this subject should be wiser or more prudent than the people whom they govern. If they were so in a free country they must necessarily give way to men who were either less wise or less scrupulous, but who never exactly represented the demands of public opinion. If any good is to be done it must be by acting upon public opinion.

We are no advocates for rash economy, more dangerous even than rash expenditure. Still it is quite clear that in the past great mistakes have been made. Enormous sums have been spent in establishments that have proved inefficient, and in innovations which have turned out entirely useless. Each new inventor demands an immediate adoption of his own nostrum regardless of cost; and the hasty voice of an imperfectly informed public demands the instant execution of the most recent idea, however unproved and incomplete it may be. When millions upon millions have been expended upon the latest project, it turns out to be a failure, and some new plan at a still greater cost is to be substituted. No revenue and no taxation can suffice to sustain such a system. No wonder the Chancellor of the Exchequer lifts up his hands in dismay. That part of his speech at Manchester, in which he complains of the lethargy of the public mind upon this serious question, reminds us of the scene in Hogarth's famous picture, where the old steward is retiring from the room with the unpaid bills under his arms, and looks back with an air of despairing reproach at the rake who lolls in his armchair by the fire-side. The history of English expenditure threatens to add a new illustration to the "Rake's Progress."

THE TORY DOWAGER.

IN the days of Eutropius and Chrysaphius, Mr. Disraeli would possibly have been a considerable statesman, and his oratory, like his political genius, belongs to the Byzantine age. His speech at the Mansion-House dinner of Monday was full—as usual—of antiquated graces, airs, and affectations. The occasion, indeed, was scarcely a political one. The embassies were represented by M. Musurus, the Turkish Ambassador; and no other Conservative of prominence, except Mr. Disraeli himself, was present. The leader of the Opposition had scarcely a chance, for it was an obvious impossibility to introduce the one subject upon which he speaks with force. He managed, however, to collect a few specimens of that turgid rhetoric which delights himself, and irritates his enemies. Sir Bulwer Lytton is in the habit of imagining that by printing the initial letter of a substantive in large type he is converting the word into a vehicle for

mysterious and philosophic thought. Mr. Disraeli, equally ingenious and profound, believes that a platitude adorned with an alliteration becomes a majestic truth. A series of paragraphs, constructed carefully on this theory, are more likely to please an after-dinner audience than to satisfy political thinkers. We cannot wonder that Mr. Disraeli's speaking is more popular with the former than with the latter class. He had but little time on Monday evening to make a great oration. Just sufficient space was given him to assert that the criticisms of 1862 on the Exhibition of 1851 were equivalent to "the verdict of posterity," to explain the *à priori* method on which it had occurred to the wise that the interval between the first inauguration and the second revival should be "a decennial period,"—and to represent the Exhibition as a funeral oblation offered to "a serene and sagacious spirit,"—a mixture of epithets which has no merit except that of sound.

It happens just now that there is no other Conservative leader who is in a position fully to represent his party. Mr. Disraeli must be put forward on festive occasions because there is nobody else. He has made the Conservatives a compact body, has kept them together, and inspired them with that profound belief in their Prophet's sonorous nonsense, which is so great a mystery to outsiders. While he still continues to be the Tory spokesman, his relations to that "great party" are undergoing a silent and a glorious change. It has been said somewhat frequently of late that he thinks of retiring from public life. The rumour is an invention of the enemy. Militant beauties do not retire from the ball-room when they have exhausted their powers of rivalry and shone themselves away. Far from it. The militant *belle* becomes the glorified *chaperonne*. Hers is now the task to direct the tactics of her friends and to animate the war. She floats from the centre to the outer circle, and begins to superintend the whole campaign. Long after she has ceased to be a "toast," she is thus able to harass and confound the foe:—

"Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards."

Towards this happy transformation Mr. Disraeli appears to be drifting. Before his day is over, he seems to have grown politically grey. He speaks seldom now, except to repeat the Tory reminiscences of his career or to stab the enemy with epigrams and scandal. He has left details for generalities, and finds it easier to talk broadly about the tendencies of the age than to analyze the questions of his time. Under his banner are growing up younger combatants who are anxious to take his place in the hottest of the battle. But all of them willingly allow his merits as a general tactician and chaperon. The political cemetery of the House of Lords is already crowded with whited Whig sepulchres; and the serene and aristocratic atmosphere would be unsuited to a politician who has retired from the frolics but not from the passions of the world. Mr. Disraeli must remain below and be the Tory Dowager. Somebody must lead the Conservative band to City dinners, respond to party toasts, manage division lists, cater for political alliances, hook the Catholic members, and talk shrill defiance to a slanderous public. Without him the Conservative sisterhood would fare ill if exposed to the rude winds. All of them lack that touch of worldliness and *savoir faire* which only age and wicked experience can give. Sir John Pakington is prim, amiable, and elderly; but, unassisted, he would be thrust into the shade by his ministerial rivals. A generous passion for album poetry and stained glass would unfit Lord John Manners for any earthly post. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley, in a moment of bucolic inspiration, are capable of sacrificing themselves and their friends to some impetuous dictate of their hearts. Sir Stafford Northcote—metaphorically speaking—wears no crinoline, and relies upon his conversation. Obviously his very virtues would ruin him for general action, if there was nobody to keep things straight. The warmhearted group could never be conveyed safely through Vanity Fair without somebody to take charge of them who was versed in the fashions of a sinful world. Sir John Pakington would talk too much prose. Lord John Manners would be writing too much poetry. Sir Stafford Northcote would ink his fingers over sums. "My dear," said Lady Prattle to Lady Bab, "I do nothing in that way myself, but I keep the dear girls out of mischief."

Though Mr. Disraeli gives up dancing, if we may use the expression, he takes to *écarté* and picquet. Thus a youth of folly is succeeded by an old age of cards. This female vanity he will retain to the last breath. The ravages of time cannot take from him the pleasures of political match-making, and of finessing over a pack. A flirtation with the Pope's brigade will long continue to charm him to the latest hour of his career. He still will concentrate his gigantic energies from day to day upon the laudable object of dividing while the Treasury benches are at dinner. Nor will he neglect the bishops and the clergy of the Establishment. The triumphant dowager is fatter and less active than she was when a reigning belle; but oh, how incomparably more religious! It is of the highest importance to all rising politicians to stand well with the Church. We do not know how Mr. Disraeli reconciles his devotion to Anglicanism with his occasional overtures to the Ultramontanists of the Emerald Isle. But though his execution is clumsy, his theories on this subject

appear to be wise enough. A Catholic bird in the hand is well worth an hypothetical Protestant bird in the bush. A worldly dowager venerates religion in the person of an English prelate, but she has also a keen eye for the main chance.

Gradually but surely the leader of the Opposition is contracting the part he once played upon the political stage. He is ceasing to be the Conservative champion: he is commencing the rôle of Conservative chaperon. The shade of Peel is avenged, for it is Mr. Gladstone who has driven him from the field. The Amazon Camilla has been wounded by a bow and arrow from the unseen world. Mr. Disraeli's planetary hour was during that brief period during which the Peelites isolated themselves out of respect to, and sympathy with, their great founder. Those of the shining phalanx who still are left have returned from their refined solitude thrice as powerful and thrice as practical to the strife. The rifled artillery of Mr. Gladstone's logic has shattered the outworks of the Opposition chief, and left his pretensions to financial genius a blackened mass of ruins. By the side of the superior eloquence of his rival, the oratory of the Conservative Cagliostro shows daily more artificial, more turgid, and more windy. In great debates he plays no longer his old part of triumph and defiance. His parliamentary evenings can bring but little pleasure even to himself,—

As hags their sabbath less for joy than spite,
So he his merry, miserable night.

Younger men, more versed in figures and in facts, now front the perils and win the honours of the fray. During the *mêlée*, he seats himself on the Tory waggons, and watches over the archives of his party. When all is over, he arrives on the field—as Blücher arrives at Waterloo—to fire a battery of epigrams on the flying foe. As it was in the Budget discussion of last year, so it was this spring. Sir Stafford Northcote does the figures and the real fighting,—Mr. Disraeli, the profound philosophy, the broad generalisations and the quotations from back numbers of "Hansard." To others may be left the duty of grappling in detail with the shining Proteus of finance. Mr. Disraeli confines himself to the easier and more congenial part of proving that Mr. Gladstone at times contradicts himself. Year after year his reputation for practical knowledge fades and blackens when exposed to the searching light of criticism. So far, he no longer benefits the party whose prospects were entrusted to his care; but he still is necessary to them, for he is the single Parliamentary diplomatist and tactician that they have amongst them. If statesmanship were synonymous with a genius for electioneering; if political wisdom consisted in an instinct of the right hour at which to divide the house; if oratory were nothing else than alliteration, epigram, and invectives, Mr. Disraeli would long be necessary to the nation. He is the strength of his followers in one respect; he is their weakness in another. Is there a choice between the financial policy of Mr. Gladstone and that of his Conservative rival? No more than there is between the present prospects and the past career of the two men themselves. The French treaty will survive to after generations as a monument of the financial wisdom of our own. What contribution has Mr. Disraeli given to finance? A tissue of dreary personalities and sounding platitudes. It is time that he should stand aside and allow others of his followers to try their hands, who, if they are not conjurors, philosophers, or statesmen, have at least an aptitude for figures. As a Dowager leader of Opposition, Mr. Disraeli may always occupy a position that will gratify his ambition and afford a field for his indisputable tastes.

INDIRECT DANGERS OF FEDERAL SUCCESS.

IF we did not know too well how easily the object and the character of a war are lost sight of in the excitement of a battle, and how constantly even those who entered on a contest with the greatest reluctance and the heaviest misgivings, grow to be passionate partisans and fierce combatants as soon as they are fairly engaged, we might be at a loss to account either for the vehement determination of the Federal politicians in America, or the strange blindness of their sympathisers here. The former appear to us to have lost sight both of past and future, but they are the most excusable, inasmuch as they have a double purpose in view, and deep personal interests at stake; the latter seem in danger of forgetting principle and probabilities as well. The recent successes of the Northerners have vastly exhilarated their adherents on both sides of the Atlantic; but if we believed, as these gentlemen do, that they really presaged the speedy and complete subjugation and re-annexation of the South, we should be inclined to regard them with serious misgiving rather than with rejoicing.

We have never concealed nor varied our conviction that the definitive victory of the North is hopeless, and that, if achieved, it would be one of the greatest calamities that could happen to the highest national interests of the American Republic, to the prospects of the negro race, and to the interests of Europe and humanity at large; and everything we continue to learn of the true designs, and plans, and hopes of the Federal leaders, confirms and justifies this con-

viction. Before the war commenced, all the ablest and most sagacious of those leaders were well aware that the extreme point to which democratic institutions had been pushed had injured and lowered the national character and policy to a serious extent. They were aware also that the connection of the North with slavery—the sanction they were forced to give to that system, the concessions they were forced to make to it, the sophistry by which they were forced to defend it—constituted at once the most active source of their moral deterioration and the darkest cloud that hung over their future. The separation of the South—the voluntary excision of the diseased and infecting portion of the body politic—at once opened up to them the way of escape (and, so far as human sagacity could discern, the only way of escape), from both these evils. The forcible disruption of the Union gave them a golden opportunity of amending their political constitution—an opportunity which, considering the light which the crisis has thrown upon such questions, it appeared impossible not to use. At the same time, it at once relieved them from the fearful incubus which had so long hampered, embarrassed, and disgraced them, and it did them this enormous service in the most complete and conclusive mode, and without any exertion or responsibility of their own. If they had thankfully and eagerly grasped at the occasion, and, instead of insisting on retaining both sin and sinners within their bosom, had directed their efforts to secure a fair division of power, territory, and federal obligations, all our sympathies and good wishes would have gone along with them. But they refused to see in its proper light the relief from participation in a fatal and guilty system which was thus offered, and looked mainly to the loss of grandeur entailed by the proposal. They struggled with vehemence to recover possession of the Slave States; i. e., in effect to re-embrace, to restore, to confirm, and again to become answerable for the institution of slavery; and, in the confidence excited by their recent victories, they are now rejoicing in the prospect of doing this, and (stranger still) their anti-slavery sympathisers here are rejoicing with them.

There can, we fear, be little question that this statement of the position is the true one. There is little doubt what the victory of the North,—if it be as speedy, complete, and decisive as sanguine partisans expect,—means and will entail. It will simply reinstate everything (with one exception, to be noticed directly) in its old position:—Slavery as before, the blot, the peril, and the sin, not of a few States only, but of the entire Union;—foreign policy as insolent, aggressive, and filibustering as of old, only with the appetite for encroachment and annexation whetted, and its means enormously increased by the war and the army it has created;—the old constitution re-enthroned, with all its faults;—in a word, everything much as it was, except an immense debt, a burdensome taxation, a thirsty soldiery, and a devastated land. All the blood that has been shed, all the treasure that has been squandered, all the experience that has been so dearly bought, will have been shed, and squandered, and bought for one single result, viz., the adoption of the Chicago "platform," by which Territories were restricted from establishing slavery till their erection into States gave them an undeniable constitutional right to do so.

Such a speedy success as the Northerners are now expecting, in case their anticipations of finding a large Union party in the Southern cities to welcome and to aid them should be realized, will ensure an immediate attempt at a reconstruction of the Union on the basis of the consecration of slavery, where it exists or shall be established according to the recognized rules of the Federal constitution,—the one thing which the mass of the Northerners have no idea of touching, and the one thing which the mass of the Southerners will resist to the death rather than surrender. So well aware of this are the American abolitionists, that they deprecate too suddenly and too triumphant a termination of the war as fatal to their cause, and they do not scruple to avow this. While anxious for victory, they are not anxious for peace. They desire a prolonged struggle, in which the Federalists shall meet with success enough to encourage them to persevere, reverses enough to exasperate them against the slaveholders, and obstacles so serious and so continued, as to compel their leaders to adopt and proclaim an emancipation policy as the only means of really paralysing and subjugating the South. But they are still a small minority in the North, though undoubtedly an active, an indefatigable, and an increasing one. Such indeed are their views, but such are not the views of the mass of citizens who compose the army, or of the politicians who direct the Government. These are anxious above all things to terminate the war on almost any terms that shall restore the Union and avert the necessity of meddling with slavery in the States. If need be, and rather than be defeated, they may in the end be driven to raise the standard of emancipation; but they will adopt any compromise and concede almost any conditions in order to avoid so desperate and unwelcome a resource. The plan of the politicians of the Federal party, we are credibly assured, is this. As soon as any decisive and magnificent victory or series of victories shall have put them in a position to dictate or to offer terms, those terms will be—(1), the re-assertion and reconsecration of the untouchableness of slavery in the most solemn and formal manner; (2), a fugitive slave law at least as stringent as the last; (3), the adop-

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tion of the Southern as well as the Northern debt as a Federal obligation. These conditions are designed to satisfy the South as to the perfect safety to all time of their cherished institution,—about which, it is the fashion to say, the war is waged on both sides. In return, the only condition imposed upon the rebellious and conquered South is to be the repeal of "the three-fifths clause," as it is called,—that is, that provision of the constitution by virtue of which Slave States are entitled to proportionate representation in Congress, not only according to their white population, but according to their negro population likewise—five slaves being reckoned as the equivalent of three whites.

These conditions—and it may be stated with confidence that these, or some virtually identical, are the conditions on which it is hoped to compromise the contest—at once explain themselves, and throw a flood of light on what we have always declared to be the real aim and meaning of the war, on the part of nine-tenths of those who so heartily engaged in it,—who, it cannot be too often repeated, are passionate and devoted Unionists, but not Abolitionists at all. The Northerners are perfectly willing to leave the South in the undisturbed enjoyment of slavery—nay, to guarantee it to them in the most effectual mode they can devise; but they are determined, at the same time, to reduce them to a state of permanent political inferiority; so that, for the future, the direction of the policy of the Union, and the command of the administration with all its contingent power and profit, shall be secured to Northerners alone. The great mass of the citizens of the Republic,—almost the whole of them, indeed, except the specific Anti-slavery party,—care nothing for the emancipation of the Southern blacks, provided they can prevent the independence of the Southern whites. They are quite willing that the planters of Carolina and Alabama shall keep their negroes in predial servitude, provided they themselves will consent to go into political servitude to the citizens of Pennsylvania and New York. Such is the compromise towards which every Federal victory is tending.

If it were possible for the Unionists to succeed as thoroughly and as speedily as they profess to hope, it is absolutely certain that the first use they would make of their victory would be to re-adopt the institution, and therefore to re-incur the responsibility, of slavery, from which an unexpected and unwelcome catastrophe had providentially relieved them.

THE INDUS AND THE GANGES.

EVERY one who takes an interest in the progress of India, must observe with satisfaction the rapidity with which the great lines of railway now in course of construction in that country are advancing towards completion. The half-yearly reports presented to the meetings of the several companies within the last few days, show that these works are being prosecuted with the vigour which their great importance demands. Special attention is at present called to the two great lines of communication which follow respectively the courses of the Indus and the Ganges. The directors of the Scinde Railway have obtained authority to raise £2,500,000 for the construction of an extension railway from Umritsir, the termination of the Punjab line, to Delhi, the termination of the East Indian. This extension is, in fact, the connecting link between the works already in progress in the north of India; and when the whole is complete, there will be an unbroken line of communication of more than 2,000 miles, running through the richest provinces of India, joining the mouths of the Indus with those of the Ganges, and connecting Calcutta and the whole of the North-west Provinces with Kurrachee, the nearest port to Europe. It was not to be expected, however, that a proposal to raise so large a sum of money could be made, under present circumstances, without provoking opposition. There are other companies, and there are foreign Governments, also in want of money, and they are naturally anxious to remove dangerous competitors out of their way. They therefore suggest that enough has for the present been done for India, that the guarantee system has been already carried too far, and that Indian undertakings should rest on their own merits, and should not be directly supported by the credit of the Indian Government. This reasoning may fairly apply to new projects, but it is wholly beside the question when applied to the present case. The extension line from the Punjab to Delhi was an essential part of the original scheme, by which it was proposed to connect the several local Governments with each other, and with Calcutta. A trunk line would be deprived of half its value by leaving a break in the middle. The outlay already incurred would remain comparatively unprofitable, unless the entire line were completed. It is, therefore, equally the interest of the Government, of the railway companies, and of the public, that these main trunk lines should be completed with the least possible delay. It is difficult to conceive how any person acquainted with the importance of the proposed extension railway, as regards the other works already in course of construction, could seriously recommend delay.

The importance of the two lines which will be connected by the proposed extension, will be best estimated by a reference to the map;

but the geography of Northern India is of so simple a character, that its main features may be readily presented to the mind. The Himalayan chain and its continuations form a sort of ring-fence, which separates India from the rest of Asia. Close under the southern slopes of this external range of mountains there lies a great alluvial valley, of which the eastern portion is occupied by the Ganges, and the western by the Indus and its great tributaries the rivers of the Punjab. This valley is bordered on the south by deserts and mountains, and has therefore only two easy and natural outlets; the one the mouth of the Indus, the other the mouths of the Ganges. The development of the two divisions of this part of India has proceeded under very different conditions. In the easterly division, which has been long under British rule, the stream of trade and commerce has flowed freely down the Ganges, and found its natural outlet at Calcutta. In the westerly division, which till lately was under native government, the commerce, which if left to its natural course would have flowed down the rivers of the Punjab and the Indus to the port of Kurrachee, was as completely stopped as if the Solyma range had sent out a spur round the coast as far as the Gulf of Cutch. Hence it was that while Calcutta rose to be the chief seaport in India, Kurrachee, which ought to be to the west what Calcutta is to the east, consisted a few years ago of a mere collection of mud cabins. These two divisions will now be placed on an equality as regards means of communication. But as the lines in progress along the Ganges will only improve existing channels of commerce, while those in the valley of the Indus will open new ones, the chief interest will be attached to the latter. A combined system of railway and steamer has in this case been adopted. The Indus, like most other rivers that form deltas, and discharge their waters by several mouths, is ill-fitted for navigation in that part of its course lying between the sea and the head of the delta. But from the town of Hyderabad to Mooltan, a distance of 570 miles, the river is broad and deep enough for powerful steamers. The Scinde railway runs from the port of Kurrachee to a point on the Indus near Hyderabad. For the navigation of the Indus a steam fleet has been organized, consisting in all of about fifty vessels, of which seven are passenger steamers. At Mooltan, the railroad is resumed. From Mooltan the Punjab line will run to Lahore and Umritsir, from which latter place the extension line mentioned above will go to Delhi, and meet the East Indian from Calcutta. These four enterprises, which together cover the whole line from Kurrachee to Delhi, though financially separate, are all managed by the same company.

The geographical position of Scinde makes it the great thoroughfare between Europe and the North-west of India. The commerce of the Punjab, of the North-west provinces of Bengal, and even of parts of Afghanistan and Central Asia, finds its readiest outlet by the Indus at Kurrachee, which is the only good port between Bombay and Aden. Scinde is, therefore, the natural highway of trade between Europe and some of the richest provinces of India. But though the annexation of that country took place in 1843, the Scinde Railway was not commenced till 1857, being, in fact, one of the latest of the works now in progress. It is very much to be regretted that efforts were not sooner made to open up the valley of the Indus, and give the productions of the North of India a ready access to European markets. It is not difficult to give a reason for the delay. The effect of these lines will be to divert a portion of trade from its old channels, and it was not to be expected that the Calcutta interest would be willing to raise up a formidable rival on the west coast. While the Indus was closed, the productions of the North-west were of necessity carried down the Ganges and shipped at Calcutta; and troops or invalids going from the Punjab and the North-west provinces to England, had to make the same toilsome journey to Calcutta in order by that circuitous route to reach home. It was as if a traveller from Manchester to Dublin should go by railway to Hull, and thence sail all round the south of the island to the Irish capital. Calcutta, however, profited by the arrangement. As long as the Western gate of India is kept shut, there must be a greater throng at the Eastern gate. If no vessels pass down the Indus, it follows that there must be a greater press of sail on the Ganges. It was foreseen that the gain of trade to Kurrachee and Bombay would, to a certain extent, prove a loss to Calcutta; and the interest of the latter place was used rather to thwart and impede than to promote the development of the railway system in the valley of the Indus. But although these works were commenced late, they have since been prosecuted with great vigour. The Scinde railway was opened some time ago through its entire length. An instalment of the steam fleet has reached the Indus, and the last mail brings the intelligence of the opening of the part of the Punjab line between Lahore and Umritsir. Thousands of the natives congregate daily from distant places to see the locomotive come into the latter place, where the opening of the railway seems to have excited even greater interest than that shown in Bengal at the opening of the first portion of the East Indian several years ago. In the meantime, the effect of the partial opening of these lines is already felt. Invalids are now sent home by the Indus. Much of the trade of Central Asia is beginning to return to this ancient channel.

It is asserted by competent judges, that a portion of the overland trade between Russia and China, which passes through Thibet, will be drawn down through one of the mountain passes, and that the goods which reached Europe through Russia will, in future, be shipped at Kurrachee; and the development of a new trade will be more important than the diversion of the old. The diminished cost of transit which will result from this more direct and easy route to the European markets, will enable the Indian producer to meet his competitor on more equal terms. His own profits will be increased, and production will be thereby stimulated. It is now certain, to give a single instance, that the Punjab can grow large quantities of wheat beyond its own requirements; but the cost of carriage to the port of shipment has hitherto been so great, as entirely to prohibit grain as an export. Since the annexation of Scinde, the trade of that province has enormously increased, and cheaper means of transit will develop this rising trade. The construction of railways in this part of India must be regarded as one of the most interesting of the works now in progress for the improvement of that country.

Though it is manifestly the interest of the railway companies and of the Indian Government to carry on the construction of the main trunk-lines with the utmost despatch, it will remain a question how far the Government ought, for the future, to proceed in giving assistance to public companies by guaranteeing interest on the capital expended. So far as regards the lines already authorized such assistance is completely justified. These lines are as necessary in a political as in a commercial point of view; they are as important for ensuring the stability of the empire as for developing its resources. Private companies, as long ago as the year 1845, attempted to make railways in India without Government assistance, but they found it impossible to obtain the funds necessary to carry their schemes into effect. Capitalists would not advance their money on the security of undertakings so vast and involving so much risk. But in the further application of English capital in India, it will be desirable that whenever it is possible, such undertakings should be left entirely to private enterprise.

THE MORAL OF THE EXHIBITION.

It is creditable to the good sense of the public that the present Exhibition has occasioned infinitely less cant than the last. The patronage of popular commonplaces is not the least important function of constitutional governments and their agents, and on that ground much toleration ought to be extended to Ministers of State who address the guests at public dinners on the progress of the species, and to church dignitaries, who habitually act upon the principle that one great use of the New Testament is to supply an endless store of materials for slightly acidulated compliments to modern civilization, and the abilities of the nineteenth century. On the whole, however, the public appear disposed to treat the matter in a sufficiently rational spirit, and to view the Exhibition not as a great step in some imaginary career of progress, but as an interesting sight, instructive to those who have the necessary special information and likely to produce considerable scientific and mercantile advantages. That it is entitled to this position must be admitted by the most cynical. That no higher position is now claimed for it is a subject of legitimate gratification. The contrast between the present state of public feeling on the subject and that which existed eleven years ago deserves consideration whilst it is forcibly brought under our attention.

A history of popular commonplaces would be a most valuable contribution to our knowledge. Few things would be more interesting than to know what were the dreams, and what was the ideal which the Tartars had before them when they followed Tamerlane to the conquest of the world,—what was in the mind of the Mahometans when they carried the Koran to India in the East and to Spain in the West,—what was the spell which enabled Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard to pour the population of Europe into Asia,—what notions the Reformers had as to the change which they were introducing into the life of Europe,—and what was the real character of the strange fury which possessed the French in the early stages of the Revolution. If, as we all believe, human nature is substantially the same at different periods, we may be sure that some sort of vision was before the eyes of the conspicuous actors in these and other great crises in human history. They were feeling after something which they conceived and expressed imperfectly, and which they could realize only in part, and both their ardour and their failure are to be attributed principally to the fact that they took little or no account of any other objects than their own, or of any other elements in human nature than those to which they specially appealed. Few things are more affecting than the indistinct glimpses which history affords us of these dead passions. A few commonplace phrases, a few stiff histories are the only records of thoughts and feelings which once gave the world its colour, and life its meaning in the eyes of hundreds of thousands of ardent men and women.

The only way in which we can form any kind of notion of the influence of such sentiments is by watching the ebb and flow of analogous sentiments in our own day. The change which the last eleven years have worked in the current language upon the arts of peace, and upon the feelings with which nations should regard each other, is on this account well worthy of attention.

It is a slight, but by no means an unimportant indication of the general direction of public feeling upon one of the most important subjects to which it can be directed. The inconsistency between the events of the last ten years and the language current at the last Exhibition, is so glaring that it is difficult to understand how people could ever have persuaded themselves to believe, or, at any rate, to talk and write as if they believed, that the progress of science and commerce had made a considerable change in the feelings of nations towards each other, and that we might hope within a reasonable time to find all the European nations living together as a united happy family, and entertaining no other views towards each other than those of peaceful intercourse and Christian philanthropy. Almost every European nation has since that time been engaged in hostilities; at the very moment when the second Exhibition is opened, the great Republic whose principles and whose example were supposed to be the surest of all guarantees of peace, is engaged in a desperate civil war, which can hardly be expected to end without sowing the seeds of future dissensions, perhaps no less destructive than itself. England has no doubt been fortunate. Our internal peace and tranquillity for the last ten years have been justly described as unexampled; but, to say nothing of the Russian War and the Indian Mutiny, we are spending 70 millions a year on warlike expenses. By the establishment of a Volunteer force of 150,000 men, constantly in training, we have leavened the whole nation with the military spirit, to an extent altogether unprecedented in times of peace. There can be no doubt that we have done wisely in changing our tone in consideration of such facts as these, and in confining ourselves to the undeniable merits of the Exhibition, instead of becoming romantic and sentimental about patent pumps and spinning jennies.

What, then, is to be said of the language which many people employed, and some relished, eleven years ago? Was it all nonsense, simple and unmitigated? The way in which it was generally expressed was, no doubt, sufficiently contemptible. Uncction—or, to use the English equivalent, greasiness—can hardly ever be an improvement, whatever be the subject in hand. Religion is so deeply rooted in human nature, that it can sustain a good deal of grease without losing its efficacy. Philanthropy, if genuine, has perhaps a conventional right to a certain quantity; but a man who melts into tenderness at the prospect of the advantages which will accrue to the human race from the extension of his own trade, is barely tolerable. "Blessed be the ten per cent." is one of the most singular new versions which modern taste has supplied. The manner, however, was not the only noticeable part about the commercial *Te Deums* which at present are happily sung in a minor key. They were undoubtedly sincere in many cases to a very great degree, and they were not only sincere, but also, in a certain way, true. These songs of triumph were founded on fact; and if those who sang them had expressed their meaning with an appropriate absence of enthusiasm, it would probably have turned out to be inoffensive enough. Notwithstanding the numerous wars which have occurred within the last seventy years, and notwithstanding the unexpected crop of them which has been produced in the course of the last ten years, no rational observer can deny, either that wars are likely to be less and less frequent, or that the increase of wealth and commerce is one of the principal causes by which that tendency is increased. A certain number of quarrels remain to be fought out, but the sources of most of the wars which have occurred in European history, are nearly dried up. It is possible, no doubt, that Russia, in the course of time, might resume its schemes of conquest. Circumstances might enable the French to make a bold throw for the frontier of the Rhine, or even for the annexation of Belgium or Switzerland. There is something like a certainty that the peace of Villafranca was not a final settlement, and it may be feared that the United States will, at some time or other, force us into a quarrel. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that we should ever have another war of religion; the part which individual ambition can play in politics on the large scale, for evil or for good, is narrower than it used to be; and there can be no doubt that almost all the problems which contemporary politics present are of the sort which diplomacy is intended, and is competent, to settle. At the same time all the great modern scientific inventions have the strongest possible tendency to increase the intercourse of nations, to make them depend upon each other, and to increase their power of mutual injury.

This being undoubtedly true on the large scale, and as true now as it was eleven years ago, why should we object to and discontinue the exultations which were then so fashionable? The true answer is, that exultation over great social and political changes is possible only to those who take a partial and narrow view of things. The anticipations of a fraternal and philanthropic millennium, which it is to be hoped are going out of fashion, are perhaps excusable on the ground that they express nothing more than the romantic exaggerations and exuberant self-confidence of classes which, according to their own view, are just beginning to have justice done to their importance after ages of neglect. Commercial enterprise, mechanical skill, physical science in all its shapes, are in the heyday and pride of their power. It is not unnatural that those who profess them should think that they are about to substitute a new world for the old one, which was laboriously built up by other hands, under influences of which they know little; and no one can wonder that they fall down and worship the machines which they have set up with that freshness which belongs to all religions in their infancy. Be it though intelligible, such raptures should be brought to an end as soon as may be. The temper in which many persons in the present day look forward

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to a world from which commerce has banished war, is just as romantic as the temper in which the Crusaders looked forward to the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the Saracens. Perhaps the attainment of either wish would show an equal disproportion between the pleasure of anticipation and the pleasure of possession.

It is by no means necessary to this view, to contend that the casual advantages of war afford any adequate compensation for its evils. The very utmost that war can ever do, is to make virtues conspicuous which it did not cause. The courage and policy displayed in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny were the product not of war, but of peace; and if the opportunity of displaying them on so magnificent a theatre had never arisen, they would have been as real, and perhaps not less useful, than they actually were. The truth is that sentiment, romance, exultation, and the like, are altogether out of place when they are called out by such large events as the gradual changes produced by the growth of national wealth. To exult over a victory, or to be moved to tenderness or affection by some personal event, such as a birth, death, or marriage, is natural and proper, because in such cases a benefit or a misfortune, of which it is easy to form some sort of estimate, accrues to persons in whom we are directly interested; but the prospect of entering on a state of society in which there will be no war, is quite another matter. In the first place, it must always be matter of mere speculation whether or not the fact is so. In the next place, if it is so, the question still remains what such a state of society would be like, and whether it would be a much better one than that in which we have hitherto lived? The history of the world presents several periods of profound peace, which are not generally remembered as peculiarly happy. From the Christian era till the fifth century after Christ, Spain enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace, and the same was true for a considerable period of many of the other provinces of the Roman Empire; yet this is not the part of the history of the world in which any one would place the Golden Age. In China, about a third of the human race have led from time immemorial a life which has been for the most part peaceful enough, and which has been only occasionally interrupted by Tartar invasions, or by internal rebellions, like that of the Taepings; yet we do not envy China. In these islands there is a population of perhaps 30,000,000. During the last ten years we have been directly engaged in two great wars, and what proportion of the population can point to any tangible suffering which both, or either, have inflicted on them? A little more income-tax in the case of the rich, an increased difficulty for a certain time in earning a living, in the case of the poor, have made up the sum total of the evil which those wars have inflicted on the great bulk of the population—on all except the few whose friends or relations were engaged in them. If those wars had not occurred, would the national happiness have been perceptibly diminished or increased?

The objects for which we live, and the degree in which we attain them, are limited by conditions which it is impossible to modify to any considerable extent. If medical science were strained to the utmost, and were successful beyond the highest dreams of the most enthusiastic physician, it would not greatly raise the average life of men. If people made the pursuit of long life a serious business, it would still be true that few would complete their seventieth year. Here is one limit by which progress and civilization will always be foiled. Let them brag and triumph as they will, a third of those who go to one Exhibition will never see another. Death suggests a limit to our success which it does not impose. Of the race to which we belong what proportion in the million is it of which any one can form a reasonable conjecture why they should ever have been made at all? Misery would still remain even if wars were to be unknown and goods were to become cheap; and if in some far distant millennium mankind got rid of misery, vice and folly, unrestrained by their natural sanctions, would present a spectacle less piteous but more disgusting. Some apology may be required for introducing commonplaces which should be familiar to every rational creature, and if so it is to be found in the fact that the tacit convention, in virtue of which people may allow each other to be pleased with trifles, is constantly violated. Alleviations may be lawfully enjoyed so long as they are not converted into trophies by weakness or self-deception. A reasonable man, under sentence of death, would be grateful for the attentions which he might receive, but it would be weakness if he tried to forget his position in their enjoyment, and madness if he succeeded.

THE SEA FORTS AT SPITHEAD.

SIR MORTON PETO is opposed to fixed forts: more especially is he opposed to the forts at Spithead. "I will not anticipate," he says, in a letter to one of his constituents, published by a daily contemporary, "the Third Report of the Defence Commissioners. Let it be what it may, I shall continue to oppose any expenditure on fixed forts." Sir Morton Peto considers that, properly understood, the late experiments with Sir William Armstrong's great gun at Shoeburyness afford additional arguments against fixed fortifications. It is his opinion that forts must be of vast strength indeed to withstand the battery of such ordnance. One would have thought that floating batteries were necessarily less strong than fixed ones; but, says he, "great guns in fixed forts are of no avail against ships in motion." He thinks, moreover, that monster guns may be used in floating batteries, and that with "unerring precision."

We have no sympathy with his tone, and less with his views on the

subject. It is unfortunate that, abandoning virtually his position as a practical man, he should take up a theory and dogmatise over it in this way. If the recently-invented 300-pounder is formidable even to iron forts, it must certainly be more formidable to iron ships. No wise man, indeed, will lay down the law about iron forts. There are none such yet in existence, and no doubt the practical difficulties in the way of making iron forts impenetrable will be very great. At the same time there is little question but that they can be made stronger than ships; nor need they present a larger surface for attack. As for the supposition that the ship will always hit the fort, and the fort strike the ship only by "an accident," it is to be observed that the mobility of the ship is at least as much against its own accuracy as in favour of its immunity from fire. The liability, indeed, to error while firing at a moveable target is nothing as compared with the liability to error when firing from an unstable platform. In one case the error itself serves as a guide to the gunner; in the other it is magnified in a startling geometrical ratio at every yard of the shot's progress from the muzzle. The sea, however quiet and calm, never can be motionless. There is always sufficient movement on it to disturb, more or less, the scientific aim of rifled ordnance. Fixed forts, however, possess perfect steadiness of platform; they are independent of the weather, be it rough or smooth; and their occupants may well know, by private marks or buoys, the exact range of every spot within reach of their artillery. In any case there can be no true reciprocity in the fight between a fortification and a floating battery, for even supposing that they were capable of inflicting the same amount of damage on each other, the result of an equal fight would be, that while a gun or two of the fort had been silenced, the ship would have gone down.

We are reasoning, however, on Sir Morton Peto's assumption that floating batteries and fixed forts will alike carry monster ordnance. Whatever the size of the guns carried on board ship may be, it is certain that the true monster cannon of the day will be used in forts alone. It is abundantly clear that we have by no means reached the limit in artillery. The introduction of the built-up principle of construction has extended the capabilities of ordnance almost indefinitely, and the competition between arms and armour is so severe, that without a doubt pieces of ordnance will progress to unheard-of dimensions within the next few years. A very large and very costly vessel will carry a 300-pounder or 400-pounder gun, but no vessel as yet has been devised which could mount and protect a 1,000-pounder. Monster guns will introduce a new system of mechanical appliances. They must be worked by machinery. Even their projectiles will have to be lifted mechanically, and the ammunition will occupy great space. All this will demand not only an enormous quantity of room, but also a very steady and firm foundation. Machinery that might be employed with ease in large fixed forts, could not be either applied or worked without very great difficulty on board ship, where the space is restricted and the movement continual. Forts will therefore possess the superiority in offence as well as in defence.

Sir Morton Peto's final objection to fixed forts is their cost. We are astonished to meet with such an argument in the mouth of a gentleman who advocates floating batteries armed with monster guns. Ships are nothing more than forts, which, unfortunately, must be built so as to float, and have to be provided, at great cost, with the means of moving about. Up to the present moment, also, it appears that ships have to be constructed partly of perishable material. They require a wooden backing behind their iron plates, in order to obtain the necessary strength without overloading the vessel. Forts are unaffected by the weight of their armour, and will be made of solid and imperishable iron. It may be said that the saving is in the reduction of the number of batteries necessary for the defence of our shores. No one supposes, however, that forts are to be put everywhere, or that they are to be used to the exclusion of ships. Fixed forts and floating batteries should be combined for all general purposes of defence. The objection, indeed, in this instance, is to the cost of the Spithead forts in particular, any further expenditure on which Sir Morton Peto will "most certainly continue to oppose with the utmost determination." The real question at issue is, whether the Spithead forts shall be continued, or shall be given up.

Arguments in favour of fixed forts generally have great weight, but when applied to the forts at Spithead they seem unanswerable. The Spithead fortifications are so placed as, in the opinion of almost all authorities, to inclose the whole area from which a naval attack on Portsmouth would be possible. If a circle be drawn round each of the forts at a distance from it of 2,200 yards, every portion of this area of attack will fall within one or more of the circles. The forts, therefore, need only an effective range for their heaviest guns of 2,200 yards a-piece to enable them to demolish any ship that should attempt to bombard the arsenal. In defending rivers, it is conceivable that ships might be occasionally of more use than forts. In such cases the forts guard only the entrance or a particular point of the river, and if an enemy run the gauntlet of their fire he can pass on to do what damage he likes up the stream. There is, however, no analogy between river defences and the protection of Portsmouth Arsenal. At Spithead the forts command the entire field of action. A hostile fleet might engage them from without, but then it would be far out of reach of the arsenal. When a ship wishes to do mischief she must come within the forts and, it is said, anchor there. If this be so, she will be no better than a fixed fort, with the addition of an unfortunate liability to sink. Still, it might perhaps be possible for her, instead of anchoring, to steam round and round quietly amongst the sand-banks and currents without getting aground, and with the object of eluding the aim of the forts' artillery.

She will then necessarily reduce her extreme distance of 2,200 yards from the nearest fort to less than one-half that range. Should there be a squadron of such ships within the area instead of one, they will take up more room and the range will be still further lessened.

Now, there can be no doubt that by the time the Spithead forts are finished, guns will be ready for them capable of breeching any iron vessel within 2,000 yards. We know that up to that distance the power of rifled projectiles suffers little diminution. If the 300-pounder can do all that it is said to do, and bear a charge of 90 lb. of powder as it did on Wednesday last, the new 600-pounder will assuredly be sufficient for all purposes required at Spithead. It is not necessary that the forts should have only monster guns like these. A very few shots from one or two 600-pounders would break through the strongest armour that any conceivable ship could carry, and peel off whole plates from the other side. The nearest fort could then throw in shell from her service 100-pounders upon the unprotected flank. Nothing could live under such fire; and as this is certain, the policy of continuing the forts at Spithead is established.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

BROAD humour is the natural characteristic of a young nation and an unformed literature, and American shrewdness is excellent material for a sort of witticism, the strongest point of which is its extreme vulgarity. The impudent worldly wisdom of Sam Slick, and the extraordinary slang in which his worldly wisdom was expressed, tickled the fancy of people who had been accustomed on this side of the Atlantic to a semblance, at any rate, of modesty and reserve; and many phrases are in common use amongst us at the present day which bear upon them the unmistakeable stamp of a Yankee origin, and which were, in all probability, originally devised in some New York bar under the inspiration of a "gin sling" or "fancy cocktail." Some of them have won their way to general acceptance by their vividness and strength, some by the comic scenes which they suggest, others by conveniently summing up, in a single phrase, ideas which could previously be conveyed only by a troublesome circumlocution. To be a "gone 'coon," for instance, is a predicament in which men must, from time immemorial, have occasionally found themselves; European English, however, had no convenient expression for it; and polite society may be well content to borrow from the stalwart stoics of the backwoods a simile so agreeably suggestive of the complete hopelessness and prompt resignation which the vicissitudes of a sylvan existence must frequently necessitate.

Mr. Lowell is among the most successful of those who have attempted to elaborate the rough fun of American life into an artistic shape, and though we cannot, with some of his more enthusiastic admirers, consent to regard him as the Swift or Molière of his age, we think that his jokes are really excellent, his satire not more coarse than satire has a right to be, and his advice to his countrymen so sound and wise, that it might well be wished that the "Biglow Papers" should be raised to the dignity of a classic, and henceforward form a part of the educational curriculum through which every well-instructed young American is expected to travel. Mr. Lowell's muse keeps pace with the march of events, and his latest productions are dated subsequently to the encounter of Hampton Roads. He has accordingly much to say as to the prospects of his country, and many criticisms to pass on those to whose hands the helm of state is at so perilous a moment entrusted. The first of his poems professes to be an account given by Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, an erratic but high-spirited theologian, of the change of views brought about in him by the pulpit eloquence of certain Southern divines. The story of course gives Mr. Lowell a good opportunity of attacking the pro-slavery arguments which the clergy of the Slave States have exhibited so unworthy an alacrity in producing; and of holding up to ridicule the loudly vaunted pretence that the Southern States were founded by a class of emigrants socially superior to their Northern neighbours. It was a woman's hand, we are informed, that led the amorous Mr. Sawin to his present views; and a Southern beauty whose fascinations induced him to renounce the commonplaces of freedom and the vulgarity of commercial existence. The North, he says, may suit the matrimonial projects of inferior natures, but the South is the real El Dorado of an adventurous wooer.

"Down here, I've found out
The true fus' fam'ly A I plan: here's how it came about.
When I fus' sot up with Miss S.—sez she to me, sez she,—
Without you git religion, Sir, the thing can't niver be,—
Nut but wut I respect, sez she, your intellectle part,
But you wu'nt noways du for me about a change o' hart."

Mr. Sawin accordingly deserted his accustomed pew, and determined upon a more enlightened creed:—

"How shell I get it, ma'am?" sez I. "Attend the next camp meetin';
Says she, 'An' it 'll come to ye ez cheap ez onbleached sheetin'."

The camp meeting was duly attended, and a preacher of sufficient ardour was fortunately forthcoming:—

"He did'n put no weaknin' in, but gin it tu us hot,
'Zef he sud Satan 'd bin two bulls in one five-acre lot."

The preacher's philosophy had the merit of being completely intelligible. "All things," he said,

"Wuz gin to man for's use, for's service, an' delight,
An' don't the Greek and Hebrew words that mean a man mean white?
Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its broades' features,
To think 't wuz wrote for black and brown and 'lasses coloured creatures,
That could'n read it, ef they would, nor ain't by lor allowed to,
But ough' to take what we think suits their natures, and be proud to."

Nature, continued the orator, had the same benevolent end in design in appointing hard work for the nigger, and dignified repose for the white man; and the aptitude of the latter for slave institutions is a convincing argument of the inherent propriety of the arrangement:—

"We took to 'em ez nat'ral ez a barn owl does to mice,
An hed our hull time on our hands to keep us out o' vice."

Conviction slow, but irresistible, stole over the excited neophyte's understanding. The congregation began to tremble, to scream, and to revolve, and Mr. Birdofredum Sawin screamed and revolved with all the chastened zeal of recent enlightenment. The inexorable Miss S. beheld and applauded, and the fortunate lover, having ascertained the essential morality of slavery, was forthwith initiated into the sublimer mystery of aristocratic institutions. Miss S., in the paternal line, was sprung from an illustrious stock:—

"—her maiden name wuz Higgs o' the fus fam'ly here,
On her ma's side all Juggernot, on pa's all cavileer,"

and naturally infected her admirer with the prejudices which noble birth is calculated to engender. Mr. Sawin devoted himself forthwith to the study of the Peerage, resolved upon resuscitating a chivalrous epoch, and finally discarded the vulgar connections and servile sentiments of Northern society. A high-minded Southerner, he determines,

"Can't masure votes with folks that git their livins from their farms,
An prob'ly think thet laws ez good as havin' coats of arms."

The difference of origin, he soon convinced himself, is the true explanation of the position of the several parties in the present controversy:—

"Admittin' we wuz nat'rally right, an yu wuz nat'rally wrong,
Coz yu wuz lab'r'in' folk, an we wuz wot they call bong-tong."

Armed with this excellent theory, Mr. Sawin goes on triumphantly to explain some of the merits of the régime at present in force among the privileged participators of Southern independence. He expatiates especially upon the latest phase of literary emancipation:—

"Our papers don't putend to print on'y wut Guv'ment choose,
An' thet insures us all to git the very best o' noose:
Jeff hez it of all sorts an' kins, an' sarges it out ez wanted,
So 's 't every man gits wut he likes an' nobody ain't scanted;
Sometimes it's vict'ries (they 're 'bout all ther' is that's cheap down here),
Sometimes it's 's France an' 's England on the jump to interfere.
Fact is, the less the people know o' wut there is a doin',
The hendier 'tis for Guv'ment, sence it henders trouble brewin'."

Mr. Sawin goes on to show how this principle is applicable to every social circumstance, and how it sheds a sort of halo on the least promising conditions of society:—

"Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no more 'n a Belgian rifle,
An' read thet it 's at par on 'Change, it makes me feel deli'de;
It 's cheerin', tu, where every man mus' fortify his bed,
To hear thet Freedom 's the one thing our darkies mos'ly dread.
Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is sellin' by the ounce
For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons (ef bought in small amounts),
When even whiskey 's gittin' skuree, an' sugar can't be found,
To know thet all the ellerments o' luxury abound?
An' don't it glorify sal'-pork, to come to understand
It 's wut the Richmon' editors call fatness o' the land?
Nex' thing to knowin' you're well off is nut to know when y' ain't;
An' ef Jeff says all 's goin' wal, who 'll ventur' t' say it ain't?"

The Southern Congress has, on this same principle, been deprived of the power of being troublesomely loquacious, and Mr. Sawin exultingly describes the dignified but unimportant functions to which it is restricted. Its members are allowed to talk, to intrigue, to approve or condemn, but they do it with closed doors, and the governors and generals can afford to treat their deliberations with contempt:—

"They taste the sweets o' public life, an' plan their little jobs,
An' suck the Treash'ry (no gret harm, for it 's ez dry as cobs),
An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe es in a prison,
An' hev their business to themselves, while Buregard hez hisn';"

and the one view, in which all administrations alike concur, is summed up with a conciseness and emphasis too often found wanting in official statements:—

"No metter wut the guv'ment is, ez nigh ez I can hit it,
A lickin' 's constitooshunal, pervidin' 'We don't git it."

Such being the principles of the Southern Congress, we are presented in a subsequent paper with the message supposed to be delivered by the President in secret session, and embodying the policy which he is ambitious to carry out. He begins, as a wise speaker should, in a tone of encouragement. Much, he says, has been already gained:—

"We 've all o' the ellerments, this very hour,
Thet make up a fus'-class, self-governin' power:
We 've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag, an' ef this
Ain't to be independunt, why, wut on sirth is?
An' nothin' now hendurs our takin' our station
Ez the freest, enlightenest, civerlize l nation,
Built up on our bran'-new politickle thesis
Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to tumble to pieces,—
I say nothin' hendurs our takin' our place
Ez the very fus'-best o' the whole human race."

This cheerful picture has, however, it must be owned, a darker side:—

"Ther' 's no use denyin'
We 're clean out o' money, an' 'most out o' lyin'.—
Two things a young nation can't menage without,
Ef she wants to look wal at her fust comin' out;
For the fust supplies physickle strength, while the second
Gives a morril edvantage thet 's hard to be reckoned."

The President accordingly proceeds to suggest various financial expedients by which so grave a crisis may properly be met, and he ends by recapitulating the military triumphs which render those expedients so pressing a necessity. The course of the war, he is obliged to admit, has not been even at its brightest points, all that might have been wished.

"For all our Thermoperies (an' it 's a marcy
We hain't hed no more) hev ben clean vicy-varys,
An' wut Spartans wuz lef' when the battle wuz done
Wuz them thet wuz too unambitious to run."

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The President's tone is, however, heroically resolute and hopeful, and he proposes a measure at which the patriotism of his audience must at once have taken fire. Let us, he exclaims, look about—

"For some kin' o' way to slip our necks out:
Le' 's vote our las' dollar, ef one can be found,
(An', at any rate, votin' it hez a good sound),—
Le' 's swear thet to arms all our people is flyin',
(The critters can't read, an' wun't know how we 're lyin'),—
Thet Toombs is advancin' to sack Cincinnati,
With a rovin' commission to pillage an' slarter,—
Thet we've throwed to the winds all regard for wut 's lawfe,
An' gone in for sunthin' promiscu'sly awfle."

At this stage of the proceedings the curtain drops, and the President and his hearers are veiled from us in an imposing obscurity. What the "sun'thin' promiscu'sly awfle" was, how far it was carried out, and what were its ultimate results, we trust that Mr. Lowell will before long inform us. Meanwhile we owe him our best thanks for a capital satire, and we heartily wish that the angry combatants, both of the North and the South, could be infected with a little of the good sense, justice, and moderation that peep out amid the extravagant comicalities of this amusing performance.

THE WEST INDIES.

Of all the various regions that compose the British empire, none perhaps engage the interest of the imperial race at home less than their colonies in the West Indies. We feel little or no shame in confessing that our notions respecting the relative situation of Jamaica and Barbadoes are of the haziest kind. Indeed, it is not many years since, even a Secretary of State spoke of Demerara as an island; and the same delusion is often betrayed in perfect innocence by persons of more than ordinary information. The truth is that we are not very proud of our colonies in that quarter of the globe. The history of our dominion there has had but few passages on which the pride of patriotism can dwell with unalloyed complacency. The exploits by which these territories were added to our empire, have furnished bright pages to our military and naval annals; and the Emancipation Act stands for all time a noble monument of national morality, but our pride in it is chequered with misgivings, and a wistful regret for the wealth and prosperity on the ruins of which it was reared. Associations of poverty and decay cling closely to the West Indies. They are as a house the glory of which has departed; but the ruin that comes of altering duties on sugar is a prosaic and unpicturesque form of ruin. So we turn our eyes in another direction, and the less that is said about it the better. And when we do think of our countrymen in the broken-down sugar colonies, we compassionate them. We pity them that their lot has been cast in places where the beauty of scenery and the fertility of the soil are but poor compensation for all the perils that harass life,—where, in the twinkling of an eye, a whole town is shot into its harbour by an earthquake, and ships thenceforth sail over the church-steeple, till their turn comes of being whirled into space by a hurricane,—where pestilence walks abroad night and day, and the same sun that awakens a household in the enjoyment of as much health as is compatible with such conditions of existence, at its setting leaves them all cold in their graves. Nor are we disposed to be harsh in our judgment, if unhappy exiles, whose lives hang by a thread, seek to forget, in loud and bitter complaints of their wrongs, and in endless potations of brandy-and-water, the inevitable hour when those who have survived all other chances shall be removed by the yellow fever to some land where they are, at least, believed to hope that "niggers" good or bad do not go.

From time to time, however, it happens that a mission, religious or secular, condemns a stranger fresh from home to temporary banishment in these dismal regions, where all save the spirit of man is inhospitable. He lives to tell the tale of what he has seen and heard; and, encouraged by the congratulations of his friends at his unexpected return, gives to the world the experiences of six months or a year in the West Indies. Mr. Trollope's amusing book, "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," is probably fresh in the memory of many of our readers. Much of the ground over which he went has recently been trod by another and very different traveller—Mr. Underhill, an agent of the Baptist Missionary Society,—who has published his own account of the same group of colonies. The two accounts, taken together, give a tolerably complete picture of life in the West Indies. What was omitted by Mr. Trollope has been in the main supplied by Mr. Underhill; but the style of the one work is pretty much all that the other was not. Mr. Trollope's book was humorous and lively. Mr. Underhill's book, though it has many solid merits, is neither humorous nor lively. In respect of the circumstances of their missions, their habits of thought, their points of view, and, we may add, their religious opinions, the two writers seem to stand as wide asunder as the poles. Mr. Trollope travelled *en garçon*, was the guest and friend of the white officials and planters, saw things very much from their point of view, and (as he candidly owned) hates a Baptist like poison. Whereas Mr. Underhill had throughout his travels "a constant associate" in the person of "my dear Mrs. Underhill," lived and moved chiefly among the dissenting pastors and their black and coloured flocks, collected their opinions, and, finally, is a Baptist missionary.

Mr. Underhill's tour "was undertaken at the request of the treasurer and committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. Its object was primarily to investigate the religious condition of the numerous Baptist churches which have been formed in the islands of the West, especially

as that condition has been affected by the Act of Emancipation." And he adds that he "cannot doubt that the evidence here collected will satisfy both the friends of Christian missions and the philanthropist, that their efforts have not been made in vain; that the creoles of the West are not deserving of the reproaches which have been of late so freely cast upon their character, as wanting in industry and intelligence." It would be too much to expect that this gentleman's estimate of men and things should take no tinge from the peculiar tenets and discipline of the sect to which he belongs; but, to do him justice, there is conclusive evidence of a wish to be fair, of readiness to listen to both sides of a vexed question, and of a genuine desire to discover what real progress, moral and intellectual, has been made by the negroes since their emancipation. He alludes more than once to a very prevalent conviction among the planters, that Baptist ministers have often been the active cause of discontent and disaffection among the labouring classes in the West Indies. The feud between the planters and Dissenting ministers is one of long standing. To the latter belongs the honour of having striven to Christianize the slaves at a time when the Church of England, listless and supine, made no effort to raise them from the depths of degradation in which it suited the policy and the passions of the masters to keep them; but the missionary zeal of Dissenters awoke the suspicions and the hatred of the planters, who saw in their labours the "thin end of a wedge" that would broaden into emancipation. And for a while the cause of the Dissenters wore the dignity and the glory which persecution alone can give. With the connivance, if not the express approval of magistrates, who were also planters, their chapels were razed to the ground, their ministers ill-treated and driven away, the slaves among them cruelly punished, and their congregations compelled to meet for prayer by night in deep ravines and secret caves. From such an honourable source may flow much of the popularity of Dissent among the lower orders; but, unless the Baptist ministers and their brethren of the London Missionary Society are very much belied, that same dependence on the voluntary contributions of their followers, which Mr. Underhill vaunts as the best incentive and the surest pledge of zeal, has too often led them to pander to all that is vain, jealous, and restless in the nature of their black sheep. It has too often made of them journalists and political intriguers, who have not scrupled, for private ends, to set race against race; and this is what the planters mean when they use strong language about the Baptists.

Jamaica, of all the islands in the globe, with the single exception, perhaps, of Java, has the richest gifts of nature; and, of all without exception, it now exhibits the saddest spectacle of ruin and departed splendour. Half the sugar estates, and more than half the coffee plantations in the island, it is said, are abandoned and "ruinate." But such as the colony now is, it is, on the whole, the best field for noting the moral condition and tendencies of the emancipated slave; and the events that are passing on the other side of the Atlantic make the moment opportune for taking stock of our own "chattels." Behind the golden hopes of conquest and a restored Union, the "everlasting nigger" looms very black in the vision of the Northerners. We paid twenty millions sterling to emancipate half a million of slaves; and that, perhaps, is the least part of what they have cost us. But the Federal Government stands pledged, if successful in the present war, somehow to emancipate more than four million slaves. And what then? Rather than endure their hated presence within the pale of the Union, the costliest schemes of expulsion and colonization are regarded with favour in the Free States. The intense antipathy to colour in those States is matter of universal notoriety. Here in England, where we pass a few negroes in the street, or are occasionally told to admire a black lion at a *conversazione*, we denounce this antipathy with all our eloquence as irrational, illiberal, and unchristian. So it is, no doubt; but, unhappily, wherever the white races have lived side by side with the black and coloured, this feeling has always shown itself; nor are there any symptoms of its decline in the communities where it exists. And it is uniformly most intense where the black and coloured are seen in a state of freedom; and this may be owing to the fact that "your Sybarite negro," as Mr. Trollope remarked, "when closely looked at, is not a pleasing object. Distance may doubtless lend enchantment to the view." Seen, indeed, through this rosy medium, he is still the darling of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is in his behalf that they have persistently opposed every effort of the planter to supply the crying want of labour by immigration from India and China. Most manfully has the Society fought what is now, we trust, the finally vanquished cause of protection to native sloth and idleness.

Knowing for whose especial information Mr. Underhill's tour was undertaken, we were quite prepared to find in his notes of travel a rich collection of conversions and other spiritual experiences which Christian negroes are ever ready to pour into sympathetic ears. Their groans at the recollection of the fallen state in which they once lay, the ejaculations of comfort which their regenerate condition draws from them, and their Jeremiads over "back-sliders," are faithfully recorded as evidence of the awakening of a true spiritual life among them. We sincerely hope that these edifying utterances are all that Mr. Underhill takes them to be; but unluckily we know that the negroes are adepts in learning the use of Scripture language without being penetrated with its spirit in practice. It is their evil habit to be always handling sacred things with unhesitating freedom. One of Mr. Underhill's flock in the Bahamas said a truer thing than he meant when he

exclaimed, "It is our only amusement to sing and pray." And with this frame of mind one of their favourite "anthems" exactly chimes:—

"I'll kneel down here, and I'll kneel down there,
And I kneel down a little 'most everywhere."

But it is not in secret and behind a closed door that they care to kneel. A Tartuffe is not a very rare phenomenon in any Christian land; but the white Tartuffe knows that it is vain to attempt the part without throwing a veil over all that is not moral and sanctimonious. The black Tartuffe, to judge from his acts, sees no necessity for anything of the kind. To know no studies but the Bible and the hymn-book—to quote texts on all conceivable occasions—to be unfailing in attendance at church; when at church to repeat the responses loudly and sing with discordant energy—to lose no opportunity of taking the sacrament, and make the blandest bows to the clergyman on receiving the bread and wine, and at the same time to be living in open adultery with three or four women, seems to him to be the most natural thing in the world. With all this, their fear of death is extreme; and suicide is not recognized by them, as by Coolies and Chinese, to be the simplest method of spitting a neighbour, or recording a moral protest against him. The King of Terrors, has, however, his fascinations; for, to get drunk at a wake, and then attend the funeral in a decorous suit of black cloth and a white neckcloth, with a countenance of unfathomable woe, is to negroes the most perfect union of sublunary delights. They are too superstitious in the extreme: the dread of "Jumbies" or ghosts, and the belief in incantations, are widely spread and deeply rooted among them; and they are subject, as Mr. Underhill tells us, to constant relapses into Obeahism. At the best it is, we fear, but a thin partition which separates their "revivals" from the wild and hideous vagaries of Obeahism.

There is not space to give the social and economical statistics which Mr. Underhill has collected with reference to the hotly contested question of the negro's industry. Jamaica, even more than the other colonies, rings with the mutual recriminations of planters and labourers. It is matter of history that many planters in Jamaica, as stupid as they were cruel, drove the negroes on their emancipation from the provision grounds which they had occupied as slaves, thinking thereby to ensure their labour; while the impoverished state of the island and the prevalence of absenteeism make it probable that the negro's complaints of the uncertainty of the work on the sugar estates, and of irregularity in payment of wages, have often been too well founded. If proof were needed that the negro is not different from the mortals of other races who prefer work to starvation, that proof is supplied by his condition in Barbadoes. There the density of population and the occupation of every inch of ground force the alternative upon him, and he goes to his work with the regularity of an English labourer. But Barbadoes alone of the West Indian colonies is thickly populated. In Trinidad, Jamaica, and Guinea, tracts of land, mountain pastures, savannas, or "bush," extend for miles and miles unoccupied and unowned; and it is the growing habit of the negroes to retire to these waste but fertile districts and become squatters. Sufficient space for a provision ground is soon cleared and planted with the edible products which Nature scatters with a lavish hand in the tropics; and such is the richness of the soil that more than enough for subsistence is readily yielded to the smallest amount of labour. But the attractions of living in independence, and the facility with which this independence is secured, are fraught with danger to the future of the race. Generation succeeds generation, and no habit of industry is acquired; and what is even worse, the gradual migration removes the negro to places where civilization with difficulty follows him. He wanders beyond the reach of education and religion. He loses all taste for the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, and his mind, like the abandoned estates on which he squats, "goes back into bush." He relapses into barbarism, and the little ground that has been hardly won is lost for ever. And to more than mental and moral improvement this squatting is injurious; for there seems to be something in it which saps the springs of life itself, and checks the tide of increase. There is reason to believe that the squatters rapidly decline in numbers; and it is probable that the paramount cause of their diminution is the frightful waste of infant life. There is no darker trait in the character of the negroes than the habitual neglect and ill-usage of their children. It is often in vain that the local governments establish dispensaries in their settlements, and bring medicines to their very doors—even then an infant is suffered to die rather than pay the smallest sum to save it.

We are, indeed, slow to believe that much progress, either social, economical, or moral, has been made by the negro since his emancipation; it is only fair, therefore, to let those be heard who take a more cheering and hopeful view of him. With this end we make an extract from Mr. Underhill's concluding chapter on the "Queen of the Antilles." "Emancipation," he says, "has brought an amount of happiness, of improvement, of material wealth, and prospective elevation to the enfranchised slave, in which every lover of man must rejoice." And he goes on to say:—"Social order everywhere prevails. Breaches of the peace are rare. Crimes, especially in their darker and more sanguinary forms, are few. Persons and property are perfectly safe. The planter sleeps in security, dreads no insurrection, fears not the torch of the incendiary, travels day or night in the loneliest solitudes without anxiety or care. The people are not drunkards, even if they be impure; and this sad feature in the moral life of the people is meeting its check in the growing respect for the marriage tie, and the improved life of the white community in their midst." To this we will

add, in conclusion, extracts, quoted by Mr. Underhill, from a recent despatch of the present Governor of Jamaica, Captain Darling, for whose removal, by-the-by, some of the colonists have lately been passing fierce resolutions. Speaking of the present state of the island, he says:—

"The proportion of those who are settling themselves industriously in their holdings, and rapidly rising in the social scale, while commanding the respect of all classes of the community, and some of whom are, to a limited extent, themselves the employers of hired labour, paid for either in money or in kind, is, I am happy to think, not only steadily increasing, but at the present moment is far more extensive than was anticipated by those who are cognizant of all that took place in this colony in the earlier days of freedom."

"There can be no doubt, in fact, that an independent, respectable, and, I believe, trustworthy middle-class, is rapidly forming. . . . If the real object of emancipation was to place the freed man in such a position that he might work out his own advancement in the social scale, and prove his capacity for the full and rational enjoyment of personal independence, secured by constitutional liberty, Jamaica will afford more instances, even in proportion to its large population, of such gratifying results, than any other land in which African slavery once existed."

"Jamaica at this moment presents, as I believe, at once the strongest proof of the complete success of the great measure of emancipation, as relates to the capacity of the emancipated race for freedom, and the most unfortunate instance of a descent in the scale of agricultural and commercial importance as a colonial community."

MR. BELLEW AT THE EYRE ARMS.

WE do not know whether omnibuses ever ran to Mr. Bellew as they do at present to the other Great Exhibition of the day; but we have no doubt that if they did, they drove a thriving trade. Lest, however, the omnibuses should not come to Mahomet, Mahomet has wisely determined to go to the omnibuses. The reverend orator and poet who so often has lingered in the sunny East, on Wednesday evening last appears to have lingered in the distant North. St. John's Wood was the scene of his missionary labours. We presume that the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms are not very far from the Eyre Arms; and a place of entertainment which borrows its name from a public-house may be supposed to be more or less connected with it. Thither go the 'buses, and thither went also the Rev. Mr. Bellew. Nor did he go without putting a proper value upon his own eloquence, if we may judge from the business-like tenour of the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday morning, next to an announcement of an hospital dinner:—

"REV. J. M. BELLEW will PREACH THIS EVENING (Wednesday), April 30, at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, St. John's-wood, at 8. Tickets at the Rooms, and of Mr. A. Seale, and Mr. J. Fabian, Circus-road, where a plan of the numbered and reserved seats can be seen, and places booked."

A gush of modesty, perhaps, prevented the Reverend gentleman in whose interests the above is published, from doing more than saying, solemnly, and in the name of the prophet, that he himself would preach, and that tickets were to be had beforehand. There is a significant omission about the price of the tickets themselves. Seats, we learn, were numbered and reserved, or places were to be had—very much as places are to be had at the Adelphi and the Haymarket—by booking. Seats are not numbered for nothing. Places are not usually booked—in this world at least—for nothing. If the object of Mr. Bellew in "starring" it at St. John's Wood had been to preach the Gospel freely, as the Bishop of London once did, to all the omnibus conductors at the Eyre Arms who chose to come and hear him, nothing more would have been said in these columns. There are, indeed, certain proper places at which religious worship should be performed, and we do not know that the Eyre Arms is one. But supposing that there was real good to be gained by converting the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms into a temporary little Bethel, Mr. Bellew had a right, perhaps, to exercise his own discretion, and to act as he thought fit in *majorem Dei gloriam*. In such a case, however, we shall all be of one opinion, that it was his business to throw the doors open not merely to the paying public, but to the world. Had the advertisement been explicit upon this point, it would have been less indecorous. It is certainly usual when clergymen give religious entertainments that they should either give them gratis, or else devote the proceeds to some charitable or pious object. We are not told that either was to be the case on Wednesday evening. A very strong hint is given us that Mr. Bellew does not preach for nothing, but no corresponding suggestion is made as to what becomes of the money taken at the doors. If money was taken, something became of it. We do not assert that it went into Mr. Bellew's own pocket, because we really do not know. The discreditable notion, however, cannot but occur to the minds of all who read the programme of the evening, which we infer was framed with the knowledge of the Reverend gentleman himself.

Mr. Bellew having appeared at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms already, there is every reason to believe that he may next week try the Royal Oak, and the week after pass on to the Highbury Barn Tavern. If he intends to make the circuit of the Licensed Victuallers in London, St. Paul went round the churches of Asia Minor, it becomes a serious question, whether his apostolic efforts are to pass unnoticed. It is possible he is under the impression that it is his duty as a Christian to associate with publicans as well as with sinners. We dare say that the publicans are capable of improvement, though we are sorry to say that we doubt whether Mr. Bellew's conversation and life are likely to work a miracle upon any of them. But the question remains whether his tour is in the nature of a

missionary voyage to people to hear from the visit, probability, as been at eight of himself out at that he would Mr. Bellew at explain that the tionary, but a conclude an aft orator would na If every beerhou in the same wa run. One great Bellew's antityp for strictly spirit of the conscience logical transition not rightly unde Arms, and Stiggi rarely halted in h

What is astoni Mr. Bellew should at the Eyre Arms in the *Times*, side still be possible. man of irreproach himself prohibited of the pulpits of th the town, with two informed the pass "Penny Shakespe adjacent placard co Young was to preac the vicinity. With made up his mind t bade his clergy to forget his sacred cl Young's readings w the poor. The penny was necessary to pay Bishop, accordingly, case. But though w certainly right in thi too jealously or scrup of religion, be permi Bellew may lawfully we doubt whether he that he has no busine for money: and we punishment can be to his own private use to his advertisement be to a religious mounte isment,—a licensed c

"THE REV. J. M. Martin, Ludgate, on S supporting a Scripture He hardly can cor ally watchful of the rol; in some cases per is difficult to believe th above if he had the pow directed to Mr. Bellew. preacher as such. Hor cause they serve by th one is selecting a quest If, as we fear, he has de require that notice preaching may be usefu Church of England sa iterated that seats sho rmance, as if it was t far less is any minister etorical abilities to th

PAINTING AT

THE third great collecti ened in the Internatio ay which remains, upon the day only, with un some sort of proportion, t

missionary voyage, or of a commercial speculation. No doubt, he draws people to hear him, and the Eyre Arms reaped perhaps a rich harvest from the visitors to the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms. There was, in all probability, as much of a run afterwards on the landlord's ale as there had been at eight o'clock on Mr. Bellew's religious gingerbeer. If he likes to hire himself out at once to establishments of the kind, there is no question but that he would prove an important catch. The "Ordinary" is at three, and Mr. Bellew at eight, and it possibly would be worth the speculator's while to explain that the "Ordinary" in question was not another spiritual functionary, but a very substantial repast. Broiled bones and "Bass" might conclude an afternoon or evening so auspiciously begun, and the Reverend orator would naturally close the proceedings with prayer and a comic song. If every beerhouse-keeper were like a nobleman and had his private chaplain in the same way, we believe it very likely would save expense in the long run. One great clerical character of renown—who in this respect is Mr. Bellew's antitype—is recorded to have been fond of frequenting public-houses for strictly spiritual purposes. His name was Stiggins, and he was director of the conscience of Mrs. Weller. Porson has shown how easy is an etymological transition even from Jeremiah King to pickled cucumber. We do not rightly understand the antecedents of the Reverend visitor of the Eyre Arms, and Stiggins, perhaps, may have been a station at which he temporarily halted in his journey from Higgin to Bellew.

What is astonishing in the matter, we regret to say, is not that the Rev. Mr. Bellew should be found preaching to "booked" and "reserved" tickets at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, but that an advertisement which appears in the *Times*, side by side with that which we have already reprinted, should still be possible. Some three months ago the Rev. Julian Young, a clergyman of irreproachable life and manners, while residing at Torquay, found himself prohibited one morning, by the Bishop of Exeter, from entering any of the pulpits of the diocese. The rev. prelate had been struck, on a visit to the town, with two placards of a public nature, placed side by side. The one informed the passers by that the Rev. Julian Young proposed to give a "Penny Shakespeare Reading" in the evening to the lower classes. The adjacent placard contained the programme of a sermon which the Rev. Julian Young was to preach on an approaching Sunday in some parish church of the vicinity. With unfortunate and inexcusable haste, the Bishop of Exeter made up his mind that the two advertisements were incongruous. He forbade his clergy to receive in their pulpits a clergyman who could so far forget his sacred character as to give penny Shakespearean readings. Mr. Young's readings were designed for the instruction and the amusement of the poor. The penny he exacted from each was an unobjectionable tax, which was necessary to pay for the room in which the lecture was to be given. The Bishop, accordingly, had fallen into an act of injustice in Mr. Young's special case. But though wrong in his application of the principle, the Bishop was certainly right in thinking that the conduct of licensed clergymen cannot be too jealously or scrupulously watched. Clergymen must not, for the honour of religion, be permitted to turn religion itself into an entertainment. Mr. Bellew may lawfully preach, as much as he wishes, and when he wishes. But we doubt whether he may lawfully preach for money. We are quite certain that he has no business to preach at an assembly-room belonging to a tavern for money: and we are, if possible, more certain that no ecclesiastical punishment can be too severe upon him if he applies money that is earned to his own private uses. He is,—unless the natural inference to be drawn from his advertisement be incorrect,—a paid religious itinerant, which is next door to a religious mountebank. He is also,—as is clear from the very next advertisement,—a licensed clergyman.

"THE REV. J. M. BELLEW, S.C.L., will PREACH at the Church of St. Martin, Ludgate, on Sunday evening next, the 4th May, in aid of the fund for supporting a Scripture Reader in that parish."

He hardly can continue to be both. The Bishop of London is generally watchful of the private proceedings of the clergy under his control; in some cases perhaps he has carried watchfulness to an extreme. It is difficult to believe that he would tolerate such a gross indecorum as the above if he had the power to interfere, or if his attention had been specially directed to Mr. Bellew. We are not desirous of running down any popular preacher as such. Honest men are often unwise, and bring discredit on the cause they serve by their injudicious conduct. If all that Mr. Bellew has done is selecting a questionable spot to preach in, let him be lightly dealt with. As we fear, he has done more, and much more than this, decency and justice require that notice should be taken of his vagaries. The tap-room style of preaching may be useful in its way. It is not a mode of preaching which the Church of England sanctions or seeks to encourage. Still less can it be tolerated that seats should be numbered, reserved, and booked for the performance, as if it was the exhibition of a comic singer or a merry Andrew. Far less is any minister of the Establishment to be permitted to hire out his rhetorical abilities to the traffickers and frequenters of a tavern.

PAINTING AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The third great collection of the pictorial art of the modern world has now been opened in the International Exhibition. Paris led the way in 1855, with a display which remains, upon its own conditions, unrivalled. It represented the art of the day only, with unstinted fulness as regards the French school, and in some sort of proportion, though with considerable inequalities here and there, as

regards the others. The richness of the French section, and the high standard of excellence attained by that school, were, of themselves, enough to stamp this exhibition with an undisputed superiority of its own. Manchester followed, bringing together the art of all times and all countries, as far as they were to be found housed in the United Kingdom. As a representation of living art, this collection naturally fell far short of the Parisian one, save in respect of the British school. London now appears with a third exhibition, holding a middle course between its two predecessors. It excludes art of a remote date on the one hand, and on the other embraces whatever can be called the modern, as distinct from the merely contemporary, art of the several countries. Thus it rivals, if it does not perhaps excel, Manchester in representing the British school; while it displays the modern foreign schools to an extent which had no sort of equivalent there. Even this extent, however, is by no means adequate, according to a fair abstract estimate of the relative importance of the foreign and especially the French schools, and of the British; and we have little hesitation in saying that the best course would have been to follow the Parisian precedent, by confining the collection to art wholly or nearly contemporary. International exhibitions are becoming serial; and the theory which regulates their industrial departments, restricting them to works of our own time, seems equally applicable to the fine arts department. Paris having in 1855 fixed the starting-point, it would have seemed reasonable enough to begin, in 1862, at or about the point where that capital left off; as, for instance, by including the works of all artists living in 1854. In the next similar exhibition, which Paris is already forecasting, the starting-point might have been 1861; and so on in continuous series. As it stands, each national school of painting has been allowed to settle what date it would begin at, and the result is of necessity most unequal, redounding distinctly to the advantage of England, who, having had no art worth naming before Hogarth, and having here started with him, exhibits, practically, not merely the modern section of her art, but the entire body of it; while other schools, having begun art earlier, and having been (for the nonce) at the lees while we were at the fizzing and sparkling, suffer by comparison, both in completeness and in excellence.

However, the course which we have been advocating as rightest in theory would not certainly have been so agreeable in practice, unless a very substantial enlargement of the foreign collections had ensued. We do not think the Hogarths, Reynoldses, and Gainsboroughs, have much real business here; but we are of course delighted to see them, in substitution for so many extra Phillips, Friths, or Creswicks. Indeed, these older pictures furnish, in the British section at least, almost the only novelty to regale the eyes of the seasoned exhibition haunter, besides being so immeasurably better than all save a minute sprinkling among the later ones, the average of which he cannot help finding "small beer," and stale small beer to boot. It is, nevertheless, decidedly a good exhibition, and can scarcely fail to impress favourably those whom choice or necessity does not bring to the picture-galleries so often as to make it pall.

Our attention, on the present occasion, will be directed almost exclusively to the British school; the arrangement of the foreign schools being so much behind-hand, in comparison with our own, as to preclude us from speaking of them otherwise than in mere generalities. We do not at present offer any opinion upon the merit of the foreign galleries, as representing their respective schools, nor upon any new aspects of the schools themselves which may possibly be traceable in this exhibition; the few remarks which we shall add upon foreign art will therefore be mainly for the purpose of contradistinguishing our own.

England and Hogarth must have the lasting fame of initiating modern art. Italy, Flanders, and Germany were comatose in art, and France had come to her Watteau, Pater, and Lancret, and was coming to her Greuze—all men of an essentially decadent period, great as was the individual merit of Watteau,—when Hogarth introduced into painting the new and important element of Brains. It is not an exaggeration to say that the kind of intellect evinced by Hogarth—the invention of subject, dramatic truth, power, and consistency, actuality of treatment, and moral bearing upon real life,—was a new thing in art, and was both the germ and the epitome of whatever is most vital in the modern, as distinguished from the elder schools. Hogarth made painting as much an affair of mind as literature had always been; and he has impelled or constrained his successors to perceive that so it must be in the present age of the world. Absurd as it would be to say that the great painters of former times—a Giotto, a Michael Angelo, a Durer, or a Tintoret—were men wanting in brains, it is nevertheless true that none of them had imported into art the same quality or the same amount of intellect as Hogarth did: with them, the conception of art and the form of pictorial representation had always been the paramount things; much more so with other men of equal or analogous painting faculty, such as Veronese, Velasquez, or Rubens. Giotto, Raphael, and Durer—the former two in illustrative, and the last in invented, subjects—had come nearest to the standard of Hogarth; but the cases have an essential and unmistakeable diversity, which we need not pause to analyze in detail. To the argument that the art, and not the intellect of any other order, is really the supreme thing for the artist, we should be the last to demur; but this also, being a collateral question, need not detain us, and does not invalidate the position which we claim for Hogarth as the founder of modern art.

The British school has two other claims to rank as an originator. Turner, alone among artists up to his own time, and alone till now, presents the spectacle of perfect landscape-art; perfect in perception (which means, in knowledge for the purposes of art), perfect in beauty, sentiment, subtlety, and variety. He stands so far apart from all others as to be rather the originator of a new phase of art than the supreme master in an old one. In more recent days Pre-Raphaelitism has arisen to assert that there is no necessary antagonism between the most pictorial conception of a thing and the thing itself; that it is open to the painter, however imaginative, to follow nature in all respects, not only in some, in detail and in all details, not only in generals, and in hints for after adaptation; that entire freedom of invention, and every possible latitude of artistic aim and point of view, are compatible with, and may in the main be even

aided by, entire adherence to visible matter of fact. This is the gist of Pre-Raphaelitism, and not the crude notion so often attributed to it, that mere matter of fact, subserving no artistic purpose, is the be-all and end-all of art. The Pre-Raphaelite artist is eager to take the jurymen's oath of "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" but he chooses for himself, from any province of fact or invention, what he will tell the truth about, and what the real truth available for his purpose may be. It is a doctrine which had never before been so accurately and so fully set forth, and was promulgated at a time when artistic sophistry and flimsiness prevailed to such an extent as to give the doctrine the character of a protest. The very last thing to which it can be fairly likened is the revivalism and pietism of that modern German art which has sometimes been termed Pre-Raphaelite, but which is more properly Raphaelite without the backbone of Raphael.

We have mentioned the chief general claims of the British school of painting to gratitude, but we find it much less easy to define the broad distinctive characteristics of the school. Foreign critics, talking about English domesticity, high finish, untinted colour, and so on, as they did at the time of the Paris Exhibition, do not appear to us mainly to hit the mark, though what they say may be true enough as far as it goes, and the domestic has certainly had an extreme development among us, sometimes original, often namby-pamby. If we could be justified in defining the school from the qualities of its greatest men—from Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, Turner, Etty, Millais, and so on,—we could produce a catalogue of all the pictorial virtues under heaven; but, unfortunately, the definition would be neither exact nor true, for these men have scarcely any resemblance *inter se*, and are less the leaders than the dominators of the school. On the whole, we can fix upon no general term more comprehensively definite than to call it the Representative School. It is a school not marked, unless as an exception, by idealism, breadth, aspiration, tradition, picturesqueness, or vivid prepossession of any sort. It is not historic, nor religious, nor allegorical. It contemplates things dispassionately, without seeing deep into them, to do which is the property of imagination combined with perception; it represents them accurately and nicely, with some ingenuity and no great grasp, aiming mostly to make the spectator see the thing as the painter sees it, not because he has any very strong feelings or perceptions of his own to express in the mode of representation, but because he thinks that is the way it would strike an average and unprejudiced eye. The school is, therefore, on the whole truth-telling and wide in its range; but its truth tends to run into particulars, and to miss intensity, and its width of range seldom embraces the highest things treated in the highest form. Two of the earlier schools, the Flemish-German of the middle ages and the Dutch of the seventeenth century, may also be called schools of Representation; but the British is so much freer in its movements than the first, and so much more refined in taste and acuter in intellect than the second, that neither of these schools can be at all cited in its genealogy. The British representative school may be said to take the narrative form; it represents facts without, for the most part, vitalizing them by passion, or transfiguring them by poetic conception. We may be pleased to reflect that, as time passes, and the minor men, who give the average tone to the school, sink further out of sight, the greater masters, less capable of being comprehended under a uniform designation, will stand out unaccompanied, and hand down to posterity an artistic history nobler than the annals of the time itself.

The two other leading schools of modern Europe, the French and the German, are more sharply, and perhaps more accurately, definable than the British. The French, certainly the greatest of the age in its entirety, is the Historic School. Large in scale, broad in view, in treatment, and even in mere manipulation, subordinating the details to the integral impression—all historic tendencies—it is further the most historic art of the time in the literal sense of treating subjects from history; and this it does with a capacity, a knowledge, and a spirit, greatly superior to what other nations bring to the undertaking. Its domestic art and its landscape subserve the same tendency, both in the position which they occupy in the school, as supplementary rather than principal features, and in the breadth and unity of the individual treatment which they receive. Another characteristic of the French art, equally distinctive though less primary and essential, is its picturesqueness; a quality in which it clearly excels the art of any other country or period.

The German is the Theoretic School. It professes ideas, missions, and elaborate developments. It disregards simplicity of aim, the doing of pictorial work for its proper sake; it is art with an *arrière pensée*, in continual danger of slipping out of the true province of art into that of mere thought or intellectual effort. It is self-conscious and self-applaudive, and proceeds upon data rather than intuitive perceptions. This is more especially the character of German art in its most potent and fully considered manifestations, while in minor work its negation of colour, and prevalent want of spontaneous charm, hinge, if not upon direct theory, at any rate upon inaptitude to take to art kindly and thoroughly upon its own showing. The typical German painter is a man who ponders, and braces up his mind, and expounds himself; not one who expresses himself as it comes, by simply working up to the materials of his subject, which is the true mental attitude of the artist as such.

The Germans and the British have little artistic following out of their own countries; the former exercising only an uncertain influence over the schools of the North, and the latter over the Americans, who are, however, in fully as near relation to the French. It is France which leads active schools in Belgium and Italy, and generally in the south of Europe. France is the country, above all others, which has disciplined and organized her own artists into a compact band, having clearly understood aims and means, and some consciousness of a central co-ordinating spirit; and to her, while this remains the case, naturally pertains the organization of other artistic communities. As yet, definiteness of purpose and system has not resulted in a cramping of her power. England, too, under the influence of pre-Raphaelitism, has started upon a similar track of training, and with the best and most hopeful effects.

We shall proceed on future occasions to trace the phases through which British art has passed, and to analyze in greater detail the characteristics and the works of the foreign schools.

MEN OF MARK.—No. XXXIX.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, C.B.

"Vir fortis in armis."

Of the now famous Newcastle school of engineers, Sir William Armstrong is the latest and living representative. His name is so familiar that our readers will be glad to see some notice of him here.

Unlike his great brother-townsmen, Sir W. Armstrong is no untutored genius brought up in the vigorous and stimulating toil of mines and furnaces. The outline of his story is not so picturesque, though it is not less forcible. He comes of an ancient and a noted stock. A few centuries ago no name was better known than his in the whole north country. On the lovely banks of the Esk may yet be seen the stronghold of the great Freebooter whom James V. of Scotland entrapped and ruthlessly executed. Many a noble family in the north has sprung from a less gallant depredator than Johnnie Armstrong. He was the Robin Hood of the Marches and a hero of Border Minstrelsy. But Sir W. Armstrong's recent lineage belongs to a less romantic age. His father was a leading merchant and quondam mayor of Newcastle. His mother was daughter of Mr. Potter, of Walbottle Hall, in Northumberland. From his cradle nature formed him for an engineer. All his childish amusements had relation to mechanics. He used to employ himself when only five or six years old in setting a number of old spinning-wheels in motion by means of weights descending on strings from top to bottom of his father's house, and in making these wheels perform imitations of pumping water, grinding corn, &c. This strong natural tendency was unprompted by any external circumstances, and, although its existence was apparent to his father and friends, a good opening in the law was allowed to prevail over the obvious policy of making him an engineer. Mr. Donkin, whose name will be well remembered in Newcastle, was the intimate friend of both his parents. He was a solicitor in large and important practice in the north, a most honourable, intelligent, and amiable man. Sir W. Armstrong, therefore, entered his friend's profession, and after serving his clerkship, went up to London to study with his brother-in-law, the late Mr. Barrow Watson, then a special pleader in the Temple. The future judge had fought in the Peninsular war, as cornet in the Enniskillen Dragoons, but on the signing of peace had deserted arms for law. His pupil was destined to restore the balance by changing law for arms. Young Armstrong, as a lawyer, worked with patience, if not with ardour. Mechanics were resigned, but all his leisure moments were devoted to general scientific pursuits. He belonged to a class of men whose recreation it is to acquire knowledge, and he possessed a mind penetrating and persistent enough to lead him successfully on independent paths of inquiry as soon as ever he should have mounted to the broad level of ordinary scientific attainment.

About the year 1835, and in the midst of these pursuits, he was making an excursion in a wild mountainous district of Yorkshire, and there his attention was arrested by a mountain streamlet, which, after descending from a great height in fruitless cascades and rapids, exhausted the last remnant of its power in turning a water-wheel at the bottom. It at once occurred to him that if the brook were conveyed from the summit in a pipe, and caused to act by pressure at the base, the whole fall, instead of only a twentieth part of it, would be made available. Who has not seen a mountain stream thus wasting its power, and to how many persons must the same reflection have occurred? But ideas are like seeds, which only germinate upon congenial soil. In this instance the idea thus caught took deep root, and it has since grown up and ramified, and now bears fruit which, if peace have victories as renowned as war, will alone confer considerable fame upon Sir W. Armstrong.

A few years after this, in the autumn of 1840, another subject caught Sir W. Armstrong's attention. A jet of steam was by chance escaping from a fissure in some cement of chalk and oil placed round the safety-valve of a steam boiler on a railway near Newcastle. It was found to electrify any one who came in contact with it. Sir W. Armstrong was happily one of the first observers of this then unknown phenomenon. A long series of experiments was the result of the observation, and at last he succeeded in making his well-known hydro-electric machine the most powerful means of producing frictional electricity ever devised. For these successful labours he was elected, at an unusually early age, a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1845 the project was started for supplying Newcastle with water from Whittle Dean. Sir W. Armstrong was its chief promoter, and acted as solicitor to the company, which, after a hot parliamentary contest, came out victorious. His knowledge of hydraulics proved very useful in carrying out the works, and he attained great influence in the undertaking. Now, therefore, his long-cherished scheme of applying water-pressure to mechanical purposes in towns had a chance of being put in operation. He had previously invented his hydraulic crane, and had exhibited a model of it to the Literary and Philosophical Society of his native town. It was now determined to put the invention in practice upon the quay at Newcastle, using the pressure in the water-pipes of the Whittle Dean Company as the motive power.

The complete success of the experiment changed his whole career. He took the bold step of giving up the law and turning mechanical engineer. Accordingly, in 1847, he associated himself with his old partner in the late Mr. Donkin (who eventually bequeathed to him the greater part of his property), his uncle, Mr. Potter, and his friends, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Craik, and commenced, on a small scale, the now famous Elswick Engine Works. He had before this made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Rendel, and that eminent engineer had warmly espoused the young lawyer's novel scheme. Mr. Rendel now introduced him to all the leading engineers of the day, who, shortly after, exceeding the rules of their institution, elected him a member of it.

He had a hard struggle for two or three years at Elswick. His want of experience was necessarily against him, and it may be easily understood that contracts taken at first under the urgent desire to get inventions introduced were not likely to be remunerative; but his partners seem never to have

faith in him. It was at Elswick that he first experimented, one, directed by him, of a dock engine, and accordingly on being told that moment commonly called the swivel, with casks with ground round quays. "You are all the while move?" "It let a hoghead touches the ground." "What will you was made, and let it down with Jack so dexterly jerk at barely direct to the iron was just the thing. Since Mr. H. a vast extension most important tutored for the navigation of water has been extended the national dock railway stations working with a other motive agencies combinations had duties. Cranes ponderous dock-captains, turn-water, shipping and for a host operation. Some the power, sometimes to produce the result employ a steam-engine whence tributed for most commercial docks hundreds of hydraulic supplied from one motor, and suffers drawn off from the its growth in Sir and old-fashioned. In November, remembered that owing to the fire effort, were at a loss crushed the Russian which had been W. Armstrong began with lighter guns. could not fail to iron was employed reduction of weight light wrought-iron had the ear of Government Newcastle, then authorized him to in December, 1854, finished, but Sir W. He seems never to career. On the coast the public, and commissions, extending, the gun to the author. He was the pioneer earn. At that time projectiles. Sir W. shot, the proper pitch shell and fuzes for him. Besides all this he had different modes and inimitable perseverance advantage ground in or it we certainly have bridged the last 300-pound ton, which marks the experiments on the formed, as in the following it into a con however, impossible. He therefore gain by a third, and compound coil method Armstrong guns, which

faith in him, and at last the time came when the full tide of success set in. It was at Liverpool that the hydraulic cranes were first applied after the experimental one at Newcastle. Sir W. Cubitt having seen the Newcastle experiment, directed Mr. Jesse Hartley's attention to it. Mr. Hartley was the constructor of nearly all the docks at Liverpool, and was in great repute as a dock engineer. Though a kind-hearted man, he was not remarkable for suavity, and, moreover, he had been much worried by inventors. He accordingly ridiculed the idea suggested to him with some impatience, but on being taunted with shutting his eyes to things accomplished, he suddenly started off for Newcastle, and straightway visited the crane, which was at that moment lifting hogsheads from a ship, under the direction of its keeper, commonly called "Hydraulic Jack." Mr. Hartley watched with astonishment the swift and graceful movements of the crane which hoisted up the casks with great rapidity from the hold of the vessel, quietly and quickly swung round and deposited them with the utmost gentleness upon the quay. "You have got a queer machine," said Mr. Hartley to Jack, "where are all the wheels?" "There are none," replied Jack. "But what makes it move?" "It goes by water underground," was the answer. "Do you ever let a hogshead fall?" "Oh! yes," said Jack, "but I picks it up before it touches the ground." "You are not clever enough for that," said Mr. Hartley. "What will you stand if I show you?" said Jack. An adequate promise was made, and Jack running up a hogshead to the highest point of the crane, let it down with a rush that threatened an utter smash at the bottom; but Jack so dexterously checked its speed, that it stopped without the slightest jerk at barely an inch from the ground. Mr. Hartley said no more, but went direct to the inventor, and told him that he had seen the crane, and that it was just the thing he wanted.

Since Mr. Hartley's sudden conversion, Sir W. Armstrong has accomplished a vast extension of his principle, and has added to hydraulic machinery its most important feature, by which an artificial head, or accumulator, is substituted for the natural head gained by mere altitude. By this means the application of water-pressure power is rendered practicable in every locality, and it has been extended by Sir William to a marvellous variety of purposes. In all the national dockyards and arsenals, in nearly all our commercial docks, in railway stations, and in the recesses of mines, this power may now be found working with a degree of safety, precision, and energy, unequalled by any other motive agency employed by man. An immense diversity of mechanical combinations has been required to render it competent for its multitudinous duties. Cranes and hoists of every kind, machines for opening and closing ponderous dock-gates and huge swing bridges, by the mere touch of a finger; capstans, turn-tables, waggon-lifts, machines for crushing ore, pumping water, shipping coal, hauling waggons, docking ships, opening sluice-gates, and for a host of other purposes, have been contrived and brought into operation. Sometimes a natural supply of water from a height has furnished the power, sometimes a river-wheel has been made by means of force-pumps to produce the required pressure; but the most usual practice has been to employ a steam-engine to pump water under a great pressure into an accumulator whence it is conveyed by pipes often to great distances, and distributed for motive purposes wherever wanted. In many of our great commercial docks, the length of pressure-pipe amounts to several miles, and hundreds of hydraulic cranes and other machines are connected with it, all supplied from one steam-engine which quietly pumps water into an accumulator, and suffers no disturbance from the fitful manner in which the water is drawn off from the pipes. These are the fruits of the idea which commenced its growth in Sir W. Armstrong's mind when he contemplated the streamlet and old-fashioned water-wheel in the mountain wilds of Yorkshire.

In November, 1854, the battle of Inkerman was fought, and it will be remembered that the turn of the battle against the Russians was chiefly owing to the fire of two 18-pounder guns, which, by an almost superhuman effort, were at a late hour brought into the field, and by their superior range crushed the Russian fire. On hearing of this incident and of the difficulty which had been experienced in bringing such heavy guns into action, Sir W. Armstrong began to think whether equal range might not be obtained with lighter guns. He saw that if rifling were so effective in small arms it could not fail to be equally so in cannon; and he saw also that if wrought iron was employed instead of cast-iron in the manufacture of ordnance, a great reduction of weight would be effected. He soon had a design prepared of a light wrought-iron gun, and, in company with his friend Mr. Rendel, who had the ear of Government in some of these matters, called upon the Duke of Newcastle, then Minister at War, and explained his views. The Duke authorized him to proceed with one gun, which was accordingly commenced in December, 1854, and finished in April, 1855. The gun was thus early finished, but Sir W. Armstrong's conduct respecting it was most significant. He seems never to have thought of heralding its birth or foretelling its career. On the contrary, he kept it back as well from the Government as the public, and commenced with it a weary but remarkable course of experiments, extending, without cessation, for one year before the submission of the gun to the authorities and for two years more before its final adoption. He was the pioneer in the new science of gunnery, and had everything to learn. At that time scarcely anything was known as to the theory of rifled projectiles. Sir W. Armstrong had to ascertain for himself the best form of shot, the proper pitch of rifling, and, above all, he had to make a serviceable shell and fuze for his gun, which was not adapted for those then in use. Besides all this he had to determine the relative strength of different materials and different modes of construction in reference to larger guns. It is to his indomitable perseverance throughout this period that we owe our present vantage ground in the great contest of arms and armour. But for it we certainly should not be standing in so favourable a position, nor have bridged the distance that lies between the first 3-pounder and the last 300-pounder Armstrong guns. The coil principle of construction, which marks both these guns, is of simple origin. Sir W. Armstrong's experiments on the strength of different tubes for guns, showed that one formed, as in the fowling-piece, by twisting a long bar into a spiral and then welding it into a continuous cylinder, was best and strongest of all. It was, however, impossible to make entire guns in one thickness upon this principle. He therefore surrounded the inner tube by a second one, and that again by a third, and so on until the necessary thickness was built up. This compound coil method is an essential and distinctive feature of all kinds of Armstrong guns, whether breech-loading or muzzle-loading, smooth-bore or

rifled; and it is by this means that he seems to have accomplished his original design of producing ordnance that should combine the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight. But it would be out of place to attempt here any technical description of Sir W. Armstrong's inventions in gunnery, or to follow him through the development of his gun into a system. The mere enumeration of the different guns for land and sea service produced by Sir W. Armstrong, with their projectiles and fuzes, would be a formidable task. They demand a separate treatise, and as there is none such in existence, we refer our reader for the best information on the subject to the International Exhibition. Those who have already had admission to the building, will have seen beautiful specimens of Armstrong guns, showing by the veining of their surface the twisted structure of the iron. The separate coils are also exhibited of all sizes and in all stages of their manufacture. It is, however, the extent and variety of the whole collection which will most strike the visitor. A great proportion of the different objects have been originated and perfected by Sir W. Armstrong since he assumed his office, and have accrued to the Government in virtue of their agreement with him on that occasion.

These gunnery experiments were carried on in wild places and at untimely hours. In summer the guns were taken to the coast and exercised between three and six o'clock in the morning. At other seasons they were transferred to Mr. Beaumont's moors at Allenheads, 2,000 feet above the sea, where Sir William built a hut, and fired away at all hours of day and night, and in all kinds of weather, happily without mischance. Sometimes a shot fired, for the purpose of recovery, into a butt, made in his own grounds at Newcastle, would get through and take flight, no one knew whither. When this happened great anxiety was felt for the sleeping inmates under neighbouring roofs. Once after a shot had thus escaped a woman was seen slowly and dolefully advancing up the field: Sir William, fearing bad news, went to meet her, while his assistants strained their ears to catch what passed. A serious conversation followed, and words of dire import were overheard. "Bloody about the mouth" and "never stirred afterwards." The terror that seized the listeners may be more easily imagined than described. However, it turned out that these portentous expressions referred only to a case of sheep-worrying by Sir William's dog, and never, perhaps, was compensation paid with more cheerful hearts than that yielded to this complainant.

In the beginning of the next year Sir W. Armstrong brought his gun before the War Office, where it had been almost forgotten. It was not at first received with much favour, and, being only a 3-pounder, was disparagingly called a "popgun." Sir William, therefore, had it bored out for a 5 lb. projectile, and again submitted it to the War Office. This time it met with more approval, and after some experiments with it authority was given him to make an 18-pounder on the same principle. Next year the Rifle Cannon Committee was appointed. To it Sir William submitted the 18-pounder for the most searching and continued course of trial that any gun ever endured.

Early in 1858 came the report of the Rifle Cannon Committee, and Government took instant action on it. They decided to manufacture, with the greatest speed and secrecy, a large number of the new weapons, and at once prepared to treat with the successful inventor. General Peel, the then Minister at War and the gun's most energetic friend, has repeatedly said that they must have given him any compensation he liked to name, but Sir William Armstrong quietly executed a deed, transferring all his patents to the Government, and refused all remuneration. In return for his success and patriotic liberality, he was knighted and made a C.B.; and, as it was necessary to have his assistance in manufacturing the guns and maturing his inventions, he was appointed to the new office of Engineer of Rifled Ordnance, to which some dignity was attached by a salary of £2,000. For this salary it was agreed that the Government should become entitled, not only to his services, but also to all future inventions and improvements he might make in relation to gunnery.

We have said that the Government desired guns on the instant, and of course it was vain to look to Woolwich, which had neither machinery nor experience available for the purpose. Elswick, however, the parent factory, was ready for work. The firm had at their own risk made large preparations, and Lord Derby's Government entered into a contract with them, which has been published. This document provides that the company should find the works and plant at their own expense, for the sole use of Government, and that the Government should employ the plant, or, in default, pay such compensation as should, in case of difference, be fixed by the Attorney-General. The company have been said to possess a monopoly, but this cannot be true, for we know that they are in active competition with Woolwich. On the contrary, it is the Government which monopolizes the services and plant of the company, who, as we have seen from their agreement, are precluded from working for other parties. Sir W. Armstrong has repeatedly declared that he is not a partner in the company, though he has an express right to become one under the terms of his agreement with the Government.

The Elswick Ordnance Works and Elswick Engine Works lie together. They are well situated on the left bank of the Tyne, a little above Newcastle. They are of immense extent and employ upwards of 3,000 men. Right and left from the entrance runs a great street of workshops, with road and railway in the middle. The visitor is at once struck with an unusual appearance of cleanliness and order. The roads are well paved; there is no mud, no rubbish, and no lumber. Entering the various shops, which are of enormous proportions, the same air of method and arrangement is everywhere visible. There is no confusion, no litter, and no idleness. The great forge-shop of the ordnance works is the chief attraction, and if the visitor is artistic nothing will strike him more than the wonderful Rembrandt lights which the glare of the white-hot masses of iron casts on every person and object around. It is a grand sight this forge. Knots of brawny giants in every attitude of vigour and activity, fill the whole place, and beat and mould huge coils of flaming metal only less strong and stubborn than themselves.

"Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis
Cum properant, gemit impositis incendibus Ætna
Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum."

Here may be seen the largest steam-hammer in England. As its ponderous head of fifteen tons falls from a height of eight feet upon the glowing mass on the huge anvil under it, one contemplates the exhibition of power with a

feeling of almost awe. Besides this monster hammer, there are many others in the same shop, which, though now eclipsed, would, a few years ago, have been deemed monsters also. The boring, and turning, and rifling shops present, one after the other, such a whirl of machinery, as to bring about an utter bewilderment in those who have not studied each separate stage of the manufacturing progress. Without stopping to describe the operations, we pass on to the drawing-offices, of which those annexed to the engine-works are the most extensive, in order to point out a remarkable feature of the Elswick Works. These offices are filled with young men promoted from the workshops for superior ability and conduct. Every youth in either establishment who has the disposition to improve himself, has the option of attending evening classes in drawing, mathematics, and natural science, and has access to an ample library of useful books. Prizes are given for proficiency in each branch of education, and once a year masters and men meet at an immense tea-party to bestow the prizes on the successful competitors. All this produces reciprocal good feeling and a clan-like sympathy in the common work. The regard and enthusiasm of the men for their chief is pleasant to witness. Hear their address to him upon his knighthood:—"Dear Sir William,— We feel proud and highly honoured in being connected with an establishment We, who have occasionally been permitted to witness your indomitable perseverance in pursuing your experiments, under the most perplexing circumstances, with the most extraordinary zeal and energy, and have observed how frequently your disappointments and failures have been made the key to the successful attainment of your purposes, have become involuntarily interested in your most triumphant success, and do most sincerely rejoice," &c. Language like this honours both man and master. Indeed, Sir W. Armstrong's philanthropy requires express notice. It extends beyond the limits of his works. We do not, of course, intrude upon his private life, but its simple, laborious, temperate, almost abstemious habits, must contrast strongly with his public though unostentatious generosity. Sir William Armstrong is a member of the Council of the Royal Society and of the Institution of Civil Engineers; he is president of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and succeeded Mr. Robert Stephenson as president of the Literary and Philosophical Society of their native town. He is also a member of most of our other scientific societies.

Reviews of Books.

MOMMSEN'S HISTORY OF ROME.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE chapter on the religion of ancient Rome, in Mommsen's History, is not only full of interest in itself, but is an important contribution to the history of natural religion. The Roman religion was, in the opinion of our author, in all its leading features, an organic creation of the Latin people themselves. Its national character was never materially altered by any of the modes or systems of worship which from the very earliest times had been introduced from abroad. The most peculiar of all the forms of deity in Rome, and the only one for whose worship there was devised a peculiar effigy, was the double-headed Janus. The worship which perhaps had the deepest hold in Rome was that of the tutelary spirits that presided over the household, the Lares and the Penates, names so often met with in Virgil, the former the object of devotion in family worship, the latter in public worship. The deity next to them held in most general reverence, not only among the Latin, but also among the Sabellian stoics, was Hercules, the god of the homestead, and thence in general the god of property and gain, a deity very different from the Greek Heracles, with whom he was afterwards identified and confounded. As contrasted with the Greek religion, the religion of Rome was characterized by a peculiar poverty of conception and an absence of idealism. The indifference to the ideal element was accompanied by a practical and utilitarian tendency. The worship, in short, of Rome, was grounded mainly on man's enjoyment of earthly pleasures, and only in a subordinate degree on his fear of the wild forces of nature. But few traces are to be found among the Romans of belief in ghosts, fear of magical arts, or dealing in mysteries. Oracles and prophecy never acquired the importance in Italy which they obtained in Greece, and were never able to exercise a commanding influence over public or private life. But, on the other hand, the Latin religion was characterized by a singular sobriety and dulness, and early became shrivelled into an anxious and dreary round of ceremonies.

Dr. Mommsen, with some probability, considers that this practical and utilitarian tendency of the early worship of the Latin race, is still extant in the saint worship of the modern Italians.

The whole chapter on Religion is well worthy of the attention of all who take an interest in this grand topic of human speculation. We know no other work on the subject which discusses in so short a space, and with so much fulness, learning, and philosophical precision, a special department of ancient Pagan religion. The contrast between the religion of ancient Rome and that of ancient Greece, is drawn with great skill and ingenuity. The difference between the two religions is shown to have emanated from a difference in the national characteristics. Both sprang from a similar source; but the religions as developed presented the most striking contrasts. It is generally believed that the Latins owed much of their religion to the Etruscans; but our author is of a different opinion. The Etruscan religion was, as far as we know, characterised by a gloomy mysticism, a barbarism, and a dull fatalism. The Latin religion may, he thinks, have borrowed from the Etruscan some of its most gloomy and fantastic practices; but nothing more.

The chapters on the agriculture, trade, and general commerce of ancient Rome, are of much value, and will interest the political economist. The ordinary historian is too apt to neglect these important elements of a nation's life. He fills his pages with narratives of battles, and with reports of grandiloquent speeches, which, in all probability, were never delivered by the men to whom they are attributed, but owe their origin to the invention of the annalist, from whose pages they are taken; whilst he neglects, as a matter of subsidiary importance, the history of a nation's industry, and the progress

of its wealth, forgetting that it is by its industry that the real character of a nation is formed and wealth accumulated, and that it is by means of a vigorous national character, and the accumulation of wealth, that a nation reaches the highest pitch of civilization, and is enabled to fight its way to greatness as well on the field of battle as on any other field to which its energies may be directed. The history of a nation which does not bring into prominence its agriculture, its commerce, and the various sources of its wealth, is no true history. "Agriculture and commerce," says Dr. Mommsen, "are so intimately bound up with the constitution and the internal history of states, that the former must frequently be noticed in the course of describing the latter."

From the date of the earliest historical records there are to be found no purely pastoral tribes in Italy. The transition from a pastoral to an agricultural economy had already preceded the immigration of the Italians into the peninsula. Pastoral husbandry was of course combined, to a great degree, with the cultivation of the soil, but it had fallen to a position of subsidiary importance to the other. The rearing of cattle held a much less important place in the economy of the Italians than it holds in modern times, for vegetables formed the general food and animal food made its appearance at table only exceptionally; when it did appear it consisted almost solely of the flesh of swine or lamb. Agriculture had already at the beginning of Latin history become the chief source of wealth, and by agriculture is to be meant not only the culture of grain-crops, but also that of the vine, the olive, and the fig. The soil was originally cultivated in common probably by the several clans, each of them tilling its own land and distributing the produce among the several households belonging to it. The traditions of the Roman law and the language itself show that wealth consisted at first in cattle and the usufruct of the soil. It was not till later that land came to be distributed among the freemen as their own special property. This distribution had, however, taken place at a period anterior in date to the time of Servius Tullius.

Farming, as is well known to any one acquainted with Roman history, was always held in much honour, and was, in fact, according to the very earliest records, the chief social and political basis of the Roman community. The size of the farms was originally small, but in the course of time, as capital increased and slaves became numerous, the small landowners became worsted in the struggle with the larger and richer proprietors, and were forced to dispose of their properties and to migrate into the towns. This change had been probably going on for a long series of years, but it culminated about the year 250 B.C. A corn-law question, somewhat similar to the one which agitated this country about twenty years ago, came to its height in Rome at that time. The Roman landowners, however, had a real grievance; for not only were large quantities of foreign grain imported, but the State was at times in the habit of making distributions of grain at a cost below the market-price, and, in addition to this grievance, the cheap labour of slaves came into ruinous competition with the smaller proprietor. By means of improvements and changes in cultivation, the larger and richer landowner could hold his ground better than the smaller one, and could content himself with a smaller return from the soil than the farmer who wanted capital and intelligence. A great revolution in agriculture was the consequence; the culture of grain began to be neglected, and increased attention was given to the production of wine and oil as well as to the breeding of cattle.

The chapter on the management of land and capital, in the second volume, is done with a most masterly hand. It is impossible, in these columns, to give any idea of the great mass of interesting matter which it contains. We have only attempted to give a very slight sketch of the history and progress of Roman agriculture, inasmuch as the civil history of Rome cannot be understood without an acquaintance with the land question,—a question which swelled into proportions of greater magnitude in the history of ancient Roman civilization than it has done in the history of any other ancient or modern state.

The chapter on measuring and writing is like those which have been already noticed, full of learning and research. Measures and the Calendar, among the Romans and probably among the Italians generally, had originally an independent development of their own, but they came subsequently under the influence of that wonderful people the Greeks or Hellenes.

The introduction of writing, that great invention for which mankind is indebted to the Semitic race, was introduced among the Italians probably at a very early period, but not until it had received an important development in Greece. Dr. Mommsen is of opinion that the Latin alphabet was derived from that of the Cumæan or Sicilian Greeks, at a date long anterior to the received date of the founding of Rome. He rejects altogether the common hypothesis that the Romans were indebted to the Etruscans for the introduction of the alphabet; indeed, he is rather inclined to believe that any borrowing that may have taken place was on the part of the Etruscans from the Latins. His estimate of the character of the Etruscans generally is one of the most original features of the work. As we have already seen, he rejects altogether the common hypothesis that the religion of the Latins was derived from that of the Etruscans. In the chapter which we are now noticing, as well as in many other portions of the work, he states it to be his opinion that the Etruscans were far inferior to the Latins in capacity for culture.

Several chapters are devoted by our author to the history and progress of Italian art and literature. His opinions on the incapacity of the Italians for the attainment of the highest development in art, will not perhaps command general acceptance, but they are original and striking, and are expressed in that passionate style and manner which characterized our author:—

"The Italian," he says, "is deficient in the passion of the heart, and in the longing to idealize what is human and to give life to the things of the inanimate world, which form the very essence of poetic art. His acuteness of perception and his charming versatility enabled him to excel in irony and in the vein of tale-telling such as we find in Horace and Boccaccio; in the graceful pleasantness of love and song which are presented in Catullus and in the best popular songs of Naples; above all, in low comedy and farce. Italian soil gave birth, in ancient times, to burlesque tragedy, and, in modern times, to burlesques of the poetry of chivalry. In rhetoric and theatrical art, especially, no other nation equalled or equals the Italian. But in the more perfect kinds of art they have hardly advanced beyond cleverness of execution, and no epoch of their literature has produced a true epos or a genuine drama. The very highest literary works that have been successfully produced in Italy, divine poems like Dante's 'Commedia,'

* The History of Rome. By Dr. Theodor Mommsen. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by the Rev. W. P. Dickson. With a preface by Dr. Leonard Schmitz. Two vols. Bentley.

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It, after a course some remnants of

* Sirenia

and historical treatises, such as those of Sallust and Macchiavelli, of Tacitus and Colletta, are pervaded by a passion more rhetorical than spontaneous. Even in music, both in ancient and modern times, real creative talent has been far less conspicuous than the facility which speedily assumes the character of virtuoso-ship, and enthrone in the room of genuine and genial art a hollow and heart-withering idol. The field of the inward in art (so far as we may, in the case of art, distinguish the inward and the outward) is not that which has fallen to the Italian as his special province; the power of beauty, to have its full effect upon him, must be placed, not ideally before his mind, but sensuously before his eyes. Accordingly, he is thoroughly at home in architecture, painting, and sculpture; in these he was, during the epoch of ancient culture, the best disciple of the Hellenes, and, in modern times, he has become the instructor of all nations."

It was, perhaps, more in art and literature, than in any other department of civilization, that a powerful and even a paramount influence was exercised over the Latins by that great people, the Hellenes. Whether by winning the heart, or by captivating the imagination of all the peoples of the ancient world with whom they came in contact, that extraordinary and versatile race seems to have inspired universally a passionate admiration for the glorious treasures of its own intellectual life. From the very earliest period of its history, Italy had been subject to the influence of Greece. Instead, however, of diminishing in proportion to the advance that Rome was making to universal conquest, the passion for Hellenic civilization not only increased among the Romans, but made so irresistible a progress as to penetrate the Latin nation to the very core. The Greek language was generally diffused in Italy even in the time of Hannibal; but after the Macedonian war, 192 B.C., the intercourse with foreigners and the foreign commerce increased so much, that the knowledge of that language became a matter of material importance to the merchant as well as to the scholar and the statesman. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that within a very few years after that date, by means of the Italian slaves and freed men, many of whom were Greek or half-Greek by birth, the Greek language, Greek knowledge, Greek modes of thought, and Greek manners, to a certain extent, reached even the lower ranks of the population in the capital. The stage, that great element of culture and education in ancient times, fell entirely under the influence of Greece. The plays performed were either translations or adaptations from the Greek, so as to suit the Latin public.

As might, however, have been expected, this universal Hellenising tendency called forth a vigorous reaction on the part of the old Roman Tories, headed by Cato, who took the lead as the vigorous champion of his native country against the foreigners. Dr. Mommsen's remarks on this reaction are interesting. "The Romans," he says, "in Cato's time stood opposed to Greek literature very much as in the time of the Cæsars they stood opposed to Christianity; freedmen and foreigners formed the main body of the poetical, as they afterwards formed the main body of the Christian community: the nobility of the nation, and, above all, the Government, saw in poetry, as in Christianity, an absolutely hostile power: Plautus and Ennius were ranked with the rabble by the Roman aristocracy for reasons nearly the same as those for which the apostles and bishops were put to death by the Roman Government."

The remarks of our author on the influence of Hellenism upon Roman politics are original and striking. He discards, justly in our opinion, the common idea that Rome deliberately adopted and carried out a gigantic plan of universal conquest. It was the whimsical project of emancipating the Hellenes from the Macedonian rule that brought Rome into collision with that power. The Romans were entirely in earnest, he believes, in the desire for the liberation of Greece. Hellenic sympathies, he says, were all-powerful in Rome at the time; and the failure of that scheme is to be sought only in the complete moral and political disorganization of the Hellenic nation. So far from universal conquest having been the deliberate plan of the Romans, he considers that the Roman Government wished and desired nothing but the sovereignty of Italy, that they were simply desirous not to have too powerful neighbours alongside of them, and that they were in fact driven into all their other great wars, with the exception of that in Sicily, either by a direct aggression or by an unparalleled disturbance of the existing political relations.

Dr. Mommsen's account of the Phœnicians and their great colony, Carthage, is given with a vividness which adds fresh interest to the history of the Punic wars. The national character of the race is depicted with a novelty which Dr. Mommsen's profound acquaintance with the whole range of ethnology enables him to present. He shows that the Phœnician was a lover of peace, and was not inclined to exchange the peaceful career of commerce for a policy of conquest; that his colonies were factories for the purposes of traffic and barter, and were not sent forth from the mother country with the view of acquiring extensive territories in distant lands, and of carrying out the slow and difficult work of colonization. The Phœnicians, he shows, avoided war if possible, even with their rivals, and compromised the matter whenever it was possible. This submissiveness, however, was not the result of cowardice, for they had brave hearts and could fight stoutly when war was inevitable, but was the result of a want of political instinct. It was the necessity to make a stand somewhere to save themselves from being totally crushed by the ambitious and adventurous Hellenes that forced the Carthaginians to adopt a more energetic policy.

We have given a most cursory and imperfect sketch of this great and most masterly work. We have been forced to pass without a remark the valuable chapters on the internal government of Rome and the account of the very early Greek settlements in Southern Italy, which is given with all the fulness, vividness, and novelty which characterize Dr. Mommsen's descriptions of matters of ethnology. We hope that some of our readers may be induced by the remarks that we have made to refer to the book itself. We venture to predict that they will be charmed by the graphic power, the buoyant enthusiasm, and the narrative power of the author, whose style, whose intellect, and whose heart render him worthy to tell the history of a great people.

SIRENIA.*

If, after a course of modern novels, any one should have remaining in him some remnants of that literary optimism which finds something to admire

even in the worst and dullest books, he cannot do better than correct so vain a fancy by the perusal of this work. Some fictions have vigour, but no cleverness; others have cleverness, but no vigour: "Sirenica" has neither cleverness, nor vigour, nor intellect, nor polish, but only brevity. That it consists of but a single volume is absolutely the only recommendation which it possesses; and the clemency which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb has in this case given to the weary public only one instalment of the recollections of a post-existence. If this is a specimen of what comes of too good a memory, let us be thankful that most men are condemned to reminiscences of no other life than the present. Glimpses of an ante-natal world are not sufficiently common to allow us to generalize upon them; but we sincerely hope that we may be spared any further materials for so unpromising a task. If the clouds of glory are to be trailed in this cumbrous and clumsy manner, we are quite satisfied that Wordsworth's growing boy should leave them behind him after all. At all events, he will do well to keep them henceforward to himself. Pythagoras declared, it is said, that he had himself served in past ages at the siege of Troy, and used to point to the very shield, still hanging on the temple wall, which he had carried in the army of Agamemnon. Being a wise man and a philosopher, he did not publish his experiences to the world in a misshapen and very silly story-book.

The Sirens—half human, half piscine,—live on an island somewhere, sleep in a cave, and live by fishing. Their intelligent faculties, the author suggestively remarks, are in most cases similar to ours. Their transformation is the punishment of past offences. They fight with serpents and converse with elephants and birds. They can exist in the sea or on land, but, like good Christians, they get ill if they drink too much sea-water. Meeny-Meyna, one of them, whose intelligent faculties are, we fear, representative, is introduced as explaining to nobody in particular, unless it be to the British public, the manners and customs of the race. She describes a shipwreck, and how the Sirens dressed themselves in shawls from the cargo, and how they were punished for meddling with what did not belong to them. She treats of the theology of the Sirens, and of their calendar, in which thirteen lunar months to all appearance exactly fill the year; also of the sensitive plant, which was once a naughty Siren. The longest story, however, is that given by a bird, who was somehow connected with a lily, who was the same as a Spanish lady, who was false to her husband, who was reconciled to her, and was again deserted by her; she warms into the second person singular, calls her servant a varlet, kills him, and then is killed herself, and the husband dies, and the bird dies, and the lily dies, and Meeny-Meyna herself, who tells all about it, disappears halfway through the volume. The second half is occupied by a wretched story, only connected with the general subject by being called "Recollections of a World Life." The heroine is called Amanda, the wicked lover Aristes, and the husband Zia; they use guns, say "au revoir" to one another, employ "you" and "thou" indiscriminately, have a confidante called Madame Omon, and the scene is laid in Greece! In the concluding sentence, the other two principal characters having been killed with daggers, "Zia rushed like a maniac from the house, and from that day was seen no more." For an appropriate specimen of the first part we may take the last few lines of the Siren's song to the waves. The singer is describing a shipwreck:—

"Nor does the great grief end there,
For often many are left on land
Who depend entirely on those lost ones,
And who suffer great grief and privations—
Do ye this of your own free will,
Or are you only instruments in the
Hands of Providence?
If so, we heartily pity you,
For you are sorely tried, and
Ten thousand fold the more ought we to be
Grateful for our gentle fate, compared
With thine."

What these sentiments and the tone of the whole book chiefly remind us of, are the verses which *Punch* occasionally puts into the mouth of the laureate of King Peppel. We cannot but wish that their publication, as well as the events of which they treat, had been well got over in a previous state of existence.

The subject was not so hopeless, that a moderately good story might not have been built upon it. No fiction is bound to be credible, if only it is consistent with itself, and if its improbabilities are sustained either by humour or by dramatic power. The story of Aladdin is delightful, though rings and lamps have no such properties as the Arabian Nights describe. The difference between these Oriental marvels and the book before us is this: in the former, the reader's interest is sustained by the quaint harmony which runs through them, and reconciles us to what we know not to be true; in the latter, the events of real life are so awkwardly blended with the creations of fancy, that the mind is constantly forced back to the consideration of the absurdity of the whole. To the one we render a willing, though half-feigned, credulity; the other, as it were, renders this semblance of credulity impossible, by asking us at every moment seriously to believe. If the author had meant his readers to enjoy his wonders, he should have placed them at once in a different region from that of ordinary human interests; whatever varieties of passion and accident he could create, he should have introduced in such a way as not to dispel the illusion, and recall at every turn the recollection that the whole is fictitious; he should treat men as men, and find out some different treatment for Sirens. For example, he makes his dwellers in the island sing praises and offer prayers to a Creator. He might have given them a religion of their own, if he chose; but by these frequent allusions to things which we are accustomed to consider real, he totally dissipates the atmosphere of the imaginary, which such accessories as talking birds and swimming maidens might have succeeded in producing. The entire scheme of the book is thus a mistake. The highest art is that which conceals its own machinery; and the worst way to recommend a book of nonsense is to effect, in a feeble way, to palm it off as good sense. A short preface accompanies the book. A judicious writer would have used it, if he used it at all, in conciliating the reader's imagination by some obviously marvellous story, some confession that the book was a book of fiction, and some plausible introduction to his world of spirits. But our common sense revolts when the author of "Sirenica" goes through the farce of professing a serious belief in the doctrine of metempsychosis:—

"The following narrative was written by one whose memory, like that of the

* Sirenica; or, Recollections of a Past Existence. Bentley. 1862.

Greek philosopher, seemed linked with a prior state of existence. The details having been recalled to the mind of the narrator through the medium of an entirely strange language with which the incidents were associated, and having been recorded in these pages with almost verbal fidelity, little surprise will be felt at a certain abruptness of style. . . . It is not permitted to the compiler of these pages to say more as to the mode in which the communications reached him."

This is not the way to recommend a tale about mermaids. For it is of mermaids, and not of sirens, that the book really treats; and the writer's knowledge of ancient and Mediaeval mythology is lamentably small throughout. The Sirens were maidens in human form, who used to entice ships to their ruin by the sweetness of their alluring voices. The creatures with fishy tails are quite different beings; our knowledge about them is not quite so complete, but there is a description of one recorded in a book of semi-missionary travels, two centuries old, which describes the animal as seen on the coast of Africa during a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. About this there can be no question, as Father Merolla da Sorrento is quite positive that it was a mermaid, and quite positive also that it had the tail of a fish. Our author seems in one or two places to awake to a consciousness of the discrepancy; and he assures us that the object with which the Sirens sing in stormy weather is that of warning ships, and not of enticing them to the fatal rocks. But if the result is the other way, it would seem better that they should leave off the practice altogether.

The author probably wishes to be thought serious when he says that the belief in a transmigration of souls has been the purifying element in the superstitions of more than half the human race. If he does, he commits himself, to say the least, to a serious exaggeration. Pythagoras, it is true, admitted the doctrine, according to the legend; we may remark, however, that Pythagoras, although a "moralist and mathematician," was not, as our author believes, "the discoverer of the solar system," any more than he was the discoverer of the electric telegraph. Brahminism also recognizes the doctrine to a considerable extent, but the religion of China and Ceylon contains it only in a modified form—certainly has no belief in Siren islands—and it is far from being the most spiritual element of the genuine creed of Buddha. The old Peruvian belief, again, probably embraced something of the kind. But no doctrine of this nature was held by Greeks or Romans, with the exception of a very few stoics and others; nor is it part of the religion of North America, of Brazil, of Esquimaux, Kafirs, Hottentots, Negroes, Australasians, Pacific Islanders, Northern Mongols, Jews, Turks, or Christians. The minute accounts of the old faith of Nicaragua collected by Oviedo, contain nothing of this nature; nor did the older religion of China and Japan; nor does the philosophy of Confucius. We are ourselves disposed to agree with the Hottentots, in preference to the author of "Sirenia." We cannot but think, with Malvolio, that it is somewhat of an ignoble idea that the "soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird." Whether one human soul, indeed, can inhabit several human bodies, is a question which few readers of modern science will choose to enter upon at all. The relation of the material and spiritual part of our natures is seen to be so much more intimate with every fresh discovery that is made, and its connection so mysterious, that the history of a disembodied soul is a subject utterly removed from scientific, and therefore from reasonable, considerations. Speculation is simply prostrate before the stupendous difficulty of conceiving a disintegration which shall not be fatal to the parts. But science does disclose one truth, which is not without its bearing on the subject. Whether the souls of beasts and men pass into us or not, their bodies at all events do. In the vast round of nature, each particle is ever on the move, now organized, now decaying, now organized again. "We die," sang the Psalmist, "and are turned again to dust;" but he little suspected that the same identical dust is again quickened into man. The breath that we exhale, the moisture that we lose, everything that comes from us, even our body when it is dissolved, enters at once into new combinations which the restless force which all things obey again brings round—perhaps after months, perhaps after ages—into the actual form and substance of living flesh and blood. In part, if not wholly, this generation is physically and materially the same as the generations that preceded it. We receive carbon from plants, and oxygen from the air; they become part of us, contribute to our actual tissue, and leave us again as carbonic acid or as perspiration; these again feed plants, and constitute them; and plants again feed men. The muscle and sinew of animals is vegetable gluten transformed; it mingles after death with the soil, supplies it with ammonia, and ammonia becomes the same gluten again. The very lime and phosphorus of our bones travels the same circle, serves its purpose for our living organism, and when it perishes in the ground is at once on its way to serve another. There is, in fact, in this world, in simple and distinct reality, a *transmigration of bodies*. We do not allude to it in order to prejudice the doctrine of the existence of Sirens; but only to illustrate, by comparison with such a doctrine, the different character of the results which scientific and unscientific speculation have arrived at on the one subject of the transmigration of personal identity.

The Sirens, we are told, believe in the influence of particular stars as ruling destiny. The fact is inserted, no doubt, as representing what is considered to be a pretty idea, and one that will give an air of romance, or perhaps rather of vague mysticism, to the picture. It is just a type of the kind of theory to which a few weak persons yield, not indeed a belief, but a wistful sympathy, which is hardly less pernicious than downright superstition. They do not think it is true, but they "can understand" people who think it is true, and "sometimes wonder" whether, after all, it might be true. To such childishness we boldly say, "No quarter!" It is the very spirit against which, more than against any other, accurate knowledge has to contend. Try it by a rational standard. There are as many hundred millions of people in the world as there are hundreds of stars visible in the sky. Is each star to represent the destiny of a million people? The changes and chances of this mortal life are surely more various than this. We cannot believe—to speak seriously—that any good is to be gained by representing things, even in fiction, otherwise than as they either are or may possibly be, unless it be either by way of vehicle to convey a useful moral, or in order to amuse a passing hour by broad and harmless fun. "Rasselas" is probably the type of story which the writer of "Sirenia" intended to imitate. He copies the simplicity of its style without attaining its gracefulness; its unreal framework he parodies in a system elaborately puerile, and inconsistently

impossible. The book is one to which not even the negative praise can be awarded, that its author's time might possibly have been spent in something worse. If any one has absolutely nothing else to do, he may without detriment employ himself with it for a few minutes. If his stock of books is completely exhausted—if he has read the parliamentary debates twice over, and knows the *Nautical Almanac* by heart—if his accounts are made up, his bills paid, his letters answered, and his razors stopped—if he has a half-hour which all his ingenuity can find no other earthly means of filling up—let him, as a last and most hopeless resource, borrow "Sirenia" from a friend; and then let him cut its pages; and then let him commit it to the flames.

THE NONCONFORMISTS OF 1662.*

THE two books whose titles we give below are intended, in different ways, to supply a want which, in our humble opinion, might as well have been left without supply. It has been proposed to celebrate the bi-centenary anniversary of the expulsion of nonconforming ministers in 1662. Those whose eloquence will be called into play may possibly be in want of a little judicious cramming. The cruel sense of wrong which embittered the sufferings of the losing side two hundred years ago has probably somewhat cooled down in those who claim to be their representatives. With the sense of wrong, the recollection of its exact circumstances has probably grown faint too. It is just possible that some members of the injured party may not know, with instinctive accuracy, either who were expelled or why they were expelled, or what became of them afterwards. There is, indeed, a certain vague horror about the name of the "Black Bartholomew," suggesting associations into which it may be well not to pry too closely. The average competitor for the A. A. certificate would probably be of opinion that it was the occasion when Charles II. shot the seven bishops with his own hand for not signing the Thirty-nine Articles. Any one, however, who wishes to be properly "posted up" in the history and appropriate sentiments of the occasion, may easily prepare himself from the works before us. The orator who wishes to stiffen the consistency of his eloquence by a judicious sprinkling of facts will find what he wants in Mr. Stoughton's careful and impartial narrative. When he desires to throw in the pathetic touches he may, though we scarcely recommend it, have recourse to "Troublous Times." The pathos is, indeed, rather tediously spun out, and it is diluted with too many irrelevant texts to please a severe taste; but there is plenty of it, though of inferior quality, and may possibly be found to suit some audiences. Meanwhile, the best and easiest plan would, no doubt, be to let the whole subject sleep, as it has been sleeping for more than a century. We have a hearty respect for many of the sufferers and for the conscientious scruples to which they were sacrificed. But it seems a very questionable proceeding carefully to rake up old quarrels and go on rubbing steadily at the old raws. The one possible result of raising the ghosts of such discussions from their decorous interment in those books which no gentleman's library should be without, to send them stalking abroad in chapels and meeting-houses, is to provide a few more commonplaces for Dissenters to throw in Churchmen's teeth, which Churchmen must be slow indeed if they can't find means of retaliating. The process does not exactly tend to increase Christianity. The Archbishop of Toulouse has lately given us a beautiful example of the same principle carried to excess, and a caricature of the regulation excuses for it. Nothing could be further from the mind of that guileless Christian bishop, nor more abhorrent from the horror of bloodshed so characteristic of the Catholic Church, than to commemorate the slaughter of a crowd of unarmed Protestants in defiance of a solemn treaty. But he does not see why he should not take the opportunity of the three hundredth anniversary of that lamentable event to celebrate the prosperity of the Catholic Church, which it indirectly caused. He is rather like the virtuous little boy who was not so naughty as to throw stones at a bird, but only tried how near he could throw without hitting it. The archbishop has gone uncommonly near commemorating a bloody and treacherous massacre without actually doing it. Meanwhile we should not recommend anyone, trusting to the refined logical power of the French mind, to illuminate his house in Paris on the 18th of June, on the ground that he was celebrating, not the battle of Waterloo, but the blessed peace it produced. Happily we could find no parallel to the archbishop's proposal in England. We may be thankful that no religious party here has ever been stained or ornamented by a wholesale massacre. Still, a judicious management of the topic may make the expulsion of the Nonconformists as irritating a subject for oratory as if all the ministers had been burnt in one big bonfire, instead of being only turned out of house and home, after our prosaic English fashion. Of course the rejoicing will nominally be only excited by the heroism of the sufferers; but denunciations of persecutors form an easy staple of eloquence, and are a pleasant sauce to the necessarily milder panegyrics on virtue in distress. We cannot help thinking that Christians and Englishmen might find better employment just now than washing their dirty linen in public, and stirring up old disputes as if we were not quick enough at brewing new ones.

We must, however, hasten to absolve both the works we have mentioned from too inflammatory tendencies. We much doubt, indeed, whether "Troublous Times" will succeed in setting anything on fire. It is an account, assumed to be given by the sufferer in the form of an irregular diary, of the various persecutions undergone by a certain John Hicks in consequence of his nonconformity. We cannot say that it is particularly exciting. The fact is that martyrdom is one of those extremely respectable things which is apt to become rather a bore after some two or three hundred pages. When a man is tied to a stake and burnt outright, we sympathize with him, and if he takes his burning like a man, our sympathy rises to reverence. But when he goes on simmering through several years without getting nearer martyrdom than six weeks in Exeter gaol, our sympathy begins to sink to that more lukewarm temperature at which it is not incompatible with the sensation of being bored. This is more especially the case when the victim tells his own story. He may, indeed, continue to interest us if he is distinguished throughout by a simplicity and self-forgetfulness like that of the Vicar of Wakefield. But this is exactly what the hero of a religious novel finds it

* *Troublous Times*; or, *Leaves from the Note-book of Mr. John Hicks*. Transcribed by Jane Bowring Cranch. And "Church and State Two Hundred Years ago." By John Stoughton. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder. 1862.

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hard to do. He is bound, by the very necessity of the case, to go on attitudinising as a martyr, and giving us such very broad hints of his own evangelical virtue, that we feel a secret longing to let the devil's advocate have an innings. What can be more irritating than for a man to tell us that he thinks his countenance cannot be repulsive, because a hunted hare once took refuge in his bosom from the greyhounds? He had much better say outright, "I am a saint of the first water, and you would not be surprised at it if you could see the angelic mildness of my face." Moreover, the unfortunate man, who, we dare say, was modest enough in his real historical life, is forced to go on telling us how each of his companions in misfortune showed a different apostolic virtue, irradiated by an (extremely) harmless mirth, or softened by a touching melancholy. His wife is, of course, an angel, and his children cherubim. The persecutors form an agreeable contrast of incarnation of diabolical malignity. In short, "Troublous Times" falls into the usual error of good books. The hero is so obtrusively good as to become rather dull, and we leave off with a faint prejudice in favour of the atrocious villain, as being the only person in the book who has tried to get up a few incidents. The historical John Hicks is, as we should guess from the facts mentioned in the preface, considerably libelled in this diary. When two messengers sent to arrest him spoke uncivilly, he replied, "after a few words of exhortation touching the right government of the tongue," by a sound thrashing with a cane. A characteristic turn is given to this anecdote in the text by omitting the cane, and attributing the repulse of the "apparitor" to his being struck with deadly fear and horror at the awful expression of the good man's face. John Hicks was ultimately beheaded for his share in Monmouth's insurrection, and was the involuntary cause of the atrocious execution of Lady L'Isle.

The present work, however, leaves off in an indefinite kind of way, at no particular crisis in the life of the hero, leaving us with the impression that it might just as well have left off before.

Mr. Stoughton's work is one of a much higher order. It is a very careful and impartial account of the chief events connected with the expulsion of the Nonconformist ministers. It is so impartial, in fact, that we almost doubt what impression it means to produce. One very obvious deduction from it is, that to call people of that day persecutors, merely because they turned their opponents out of their livings, is a simple anachronism. They may perhaps have been turned out with unnecessary harshness. But no one ever seems to have cared for toleration pure and simple, unless he was not only wiser and better than his age, but was also suffering from the want of toleration in his own person. The bishops talked gracefully enough about sparing tender consciences, till they found that tough consciences were in a decided minority. As soon as they were firm in the saddle, they threw their opponents over with as little compunction as Mr. Disraeli would feel in relieving Mr. Gladstone of office to-morrow. They had themselves suffered just the same twenty years before from their present victims, and if they retaliated with extra strictness, not even giving or reserving the fifth part of the living for the ejected ministers, as had been done under the Commonwealth, it was perhaps only natural that usurpers should be turned out of their ill-gotten gains with less civility than they had used to the lawful owners in the first instance; and neither persecutors nor persecuted had the slightest desire to extend principles of toleration to such outlaws as Papists or Quakers.

The history, therefore, of the conferences and declarations which preceded the Act of Uniformity, is a history not of *bonâ fide* offers of toleration, but merely of the terms which the conquered party thought itself able to make with its conquerors as they gradually felt their way to their undoubted superiority. For some time after the restoration, the Presbyterians seem to have fancied themselves a majority of the nation. In the famous declaration from Breda, Charles elaborately asserted his desire of giving liberty to tender consciences. When the Presbyterian ministers sent a deputation to him, they tried even to prevent him from using the Common Prayer in his own chapel,—a pretty clear indication of the strength of their wish to tolerate other people. It is at this time that the not very authentic story is placed of the admission of the ministers to the chamber next to that in which Charles was said to be performing his devotions. Here such was the curiosity of the worthy Mr. Case, that he could not help applying his ear to the keyhole. The good old man was ravished to hear the pious King praying for a heart constant in the protection of the Protestant religion. "Never may I seek the oppression of those who, out of tenderness to their consciences, are not free to conform to outward and indifferent ceremonies," Charles was no doubt capable of the trick, but he could hardly have believed in the innocence that could be taken in by it. He made a more open profession, however, of his desire for toleration, by appointing ten Presbyterian ministers chaplains, and even listening to four of their sermons. Soon afterwards he proposed to give a definite promise of liberty of public worship so long as the public peace was not disturbed. But here the Presbyterians at once saw the danger. They could not accept a loaf themselves if there was a chance of Papists picking up the crumbs. "Humbly thanking his Majesty," says Baxter, "they could not but distinguish the tolerable parties from the intolerable." The promise of toleration might include Papists and Socinians, "and for them, for their parts, they could not make toleration their request." By the time of the Savoy conference it must have grown plain enough to every one but Baxter, that the bishops had the game in their own hands, and that the only use of the conference was to enable them to say that they had conferred. The simplicity with which Baxter took everything in good faith is really touching. The conference was limited to three months. The first month was wasted without any meeting. Baxter at once agreed to put everything in writing, and the amount of writing he must have done makes one shudder to contemplate, especially as, for any practical purpose, he might as well not have written a word. His first trifling task was to compose an entirely new Liturgy, to which he devoted a fortnight, whilst his brethren were picking holes in the old one. Finding that he had finished his work first, he devoted the next fortnight to the composition of eight closely-printed folio pages of exceptions to the Liturgy in aid of theirs. The bishops refusing to admit the force of a single objection, he spent the next eight days in producing a reply to them. Of course, this had brought the conference within a few days of its close, and it terminated in a general *vivâ voce* discussion of things in general which must have been highly edifying. The Parliament and Convocation, which met soon afterwards, rapidly passed the Uniformity Act, with the enforced

declaration of unfeigned assent and consent to the Book of Common Prayer, and abhorrence of the Covenant. In the interval before the date when the declaration was to be made, the Government appears to have been in a state of constant alarm about imaginary plots, and the clergy affected to have entertained groundless hopes of indulgence in the carrying out of the Act. Nothing, however, took place, and on St. Bartholomew's Day the Church of England lost about 2,000 men, many of whom, such as Baxter, were amongst the ablest and best men of the time. It was, doubtless, a great loss; and those who look back to the ejected clergy as their spiritual ancestors, may well be proud of them. The justice of that claim is indeed disputed in the discussions which now fill the columns of religious newspapers. Sundry other irrelevant questions are raised which appear to be only dragged in on account of their irritating properties; as, for example, whether clergymen of the Church of England are generally honest in declaring their "unfeigned assent and consent" to all that is contained in the Prayer-book. That such questions should be raised is one of the evils to which we have already referred; but to those who wish to study history for their own benefit, and not to find stones to throw at their neighbours, the history of the ejection of the 2,000 is an interesting question, and by such readers Mr. Stoughton's book will be found a useful statement of facts.

MERIVALE'S HYPERION.*

THE practical usefulness of writing Latin verse contrasts forcibly (in this utilitarian age) with the quantity of it written; and written not merely by men distinguished by university reputation, but by men distinguished in after life, whose ability is considerable and whose time is valuable. How does this come to pass? Because, it may be answered, the ancient classics are the classics of the world, and to imitate them is, for the literary man, what it is for the sculptor to copy the great Greek models. Because "the humaner letters" are loved by those imbued with them and looked up to with reverence by all men, especially by those quite ignorant of them. Because it is pleasant to exercise any faculty requiring skill and intelligence, which has been successfully acquired by a long course of training. And the training in this case is a long one. The first nonsense verses are written at eight or ten years old, and the prize poem or first class crowns the college career at twenty or twenty-one. The strength of a habit is in proportion to the time spent in its formation. No wonder, at this rate, that Latin verses should preserve in maturer years as many votaries as cricket does; for though more hours at a time are absorbed perhaps by cricket, that game can only be played in the summer; whereas Latin verses, at school and college, go on all the year round.

Modern classical compositions have been appositely compared to costly exotics. They cannot have the free growth and beauty of what is original and indigenous. Yet the gardener will prefer his orchids and his pine-apples to whole beds of violets or a wood carpeted with blue-bells. And these exotics of literature become valued in proportion to the difficulty of rearing them, and seem to have a sweeter fragrance because they smell of Greece and Italy, and of other times. But if people write Latin verses because they have been taught to admire and to write them, why are they so taught? Admitting that it is good to learn Latin, why write verses? In order to learn a modern language perfectly it is not necessary to write verses in it. The cases, however, are not quite parallel. To read the classics properly, to understand the harmony of the old poets and orators, the rules of quantity and prosody must be mastered, and this can only be thoroughly done by writing in metre. The structure of ancient verses, and in part of ancient prose also, depends on quantity, a thing often quite independent of pronunciation. The man who reads the "Æneid" without having mastered quantity will read it as a kind of irregular doggerel. He may, indeed, as he would in a prose translation, derive somewhat of enjoyment from his author. But if the spirit and essence of the poetry do not themselves partly evaporate, at any rate he loses full half the beauty of form and all the grace of movement in which they are clothed, and from which they cannot endure separation.

Thus, as long as the study of the classics continues, and as long as that study is made, or endeavoured to be made, a thorough and not a mere half-study, writing Latin verses is defensible on grounds of logic and of reason. Whether the time devoted to it at school does not exceed all proper limits; whether the classics themselves ought not to be deprived of their immense predominance in our education, are different questions. Of course the traditional habit of composing in Latin verse rests in reality upon other grounds than those on which it has been above defended. Latin in the middle ages was the language of educated men. In logic, theology, rhetoric, poetry, whoever had new ideas or thoughts to communicate would naturally do so in Latin. And this state of things, or the training it implied, survives in the modern school exercise and prize poem. Latin was then learned as a vehicle for the expression of thought. We now learn Latin partly for the sake of the Latin literature, partly to understand our own language, but chiefly because the analysis of the formation and construction of the classical languages is about the best discipline in which the mind can be trained. As for using Latin to express our own thoughts, that (in our own country at least), is hardly ever done by a grown man for any purpose whatever. Even in editing an ancient author Latin notes are going out of fashion. Yet, as before observed, the number of Latin verses published is, perhaps, even more considerable than formerly; and the audience capable of appreciating them becomes, doubtless, greater than ever, in proportion as classical education, with our material prosperity, extends to a larger class. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Lyttelton, and now Mr. Merivale, print Latin verses. Petrarch, Milton, Gray, Vincent Bourne, wrote in Latin, but wrote original poems. But nearly all the published Latin verses of our own day are translations; because it is felt that the expression of our own thoughts in a dead language is an affectation, devoid of interest, and almost valueless; while the transference of the thoughts of a modern poet into classical language is at least valuable as a very close test of mastery over that language, and of learning, ingenuity, and taste.

Mr. Merivale's little publication possesses in one respect a peculiar interest. His object is to illustrate by a practical experiment (so he tells us in his

* Keatsii Hyperionis. Libri I. II. Latine reddidit Carolus Merivale. Macmillan & Co.

preface), the wonderful parallel which our own time and our own modern literature present to the spirit and literature of the declining period of Rome. To that period, of which he has himself partly written the history, we moderns, he says, should look, and see ourselves mirrored there. He chooses, therefore, Keats's "Hyperion," "the noblest epic of the present epoch," or rather the two first books of it, for he does not attempt the hurried and imperfect fragment of the third; and puts them into verse formed on the model rather of Statius and Claudian than of the purer, severer, simpler Virgil. The style of those poets came naturally to him in this translation, as affording the most suitable vehicle for interpreting the subject, rhythm, and language of the thoroughly modern Keats. The subject of the "Hyperion"—Saturn and the primeval deities expelled by the younger generation of gods—is one which a poet of the post-Augustan age might very naturally have chosen. And the experiment itself is as successful in point of execution as the subject-matter of it is well selected. To draw out and analyze the causes of this parallelism between the two literatures is by no means easy; but when the Latin and English are placed side by side, its existence must be felt by all who have the smallest notion of what the later Roman poetry is like. Let us try to set out in general terms what are the characteristics which this poem and the later Roman poets have in common; and in which they alike differ from the more purely classical models, especially Virgil, whose style is most usually imitated in the translation of English poems of this kind.

The ideas and the versification seem to run more freely and wildly. There is less symmetry and elegance, more straining after large and broad effects. Mystery, fancy, refinements of thought, that breathe of an artificial and sophisticated state of society, are traceable throughout. The colossal forms of the giants dispossessed; the bold, strange turns of thought and expression; the more or less spasmodic utterances (if such a phrase may be used, not altogether in a bad sense), recall the heroes of the "Thebais," the big and lengthy poems which Juvenal heard and satirized, the age which raised colossal statues and ponderous amphitheatres and mausoleums, and strove, by imposing vastness of outline and rank luxuriance of ornament, to make up for the absence of the pure, unpretentious symmetry and healthier taste and feeling which, both in art and in literature, were lost.

A few examples will show what is meant. Take the description of Saturn's rising up, after his month of prostration in blank apathy, with which the first book opens:—

"This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood and heard not Thea's sobbing deep.

"Hic furor excitum pedibus consurgere Regem
Fecit, et incassum lentos torquere lacertos.
Turbida canities sudat, cava febre coruscant
Lumina: jamque tacet; nec sic capit aure tremores,
Singultusque Thea luctum sub corde prementis."

How impossible that Milton could have written so in English, or Virgil in Latin! Yet in Statius, perhaps, or Lucan, such a passage would not be out of place.

Or take the sun-god Hyperion's angry entrance into his palace:—

"He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and inwreathed light,
And diamond-paved, lustrous, long arcades,
Until he reached the great main cupola.
There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result."

"At Deus ingrediens animosâ efferbit irâ:
Flagrat pone fluens a calcibus incita vestis
Mugitu, qualem terrenus concepit ignis;
Quo mites fugere Horæ, plumisque palumbes
Contremuere Deæ. Ruit ille ardetque ruendo,
Sublimis rapiens aulas, thalamosque pererrans;
Quaque intexta vagas fragrant laquearia luces,
Quaque jacent variis sola longa nitentia crustis.
Sic medias adit celsæ testudinis aedes:
Substitit hic, pepulitque pedem, quâ funditus omnis
Vi vibrat Labyrinthus, et aurea regna resultat.
Nec prius iste sonor periit, quam frena prementis
Depulit, exsiluitque Dei vox talis ab ore."

Here and there an expression occurs in the English which hardly bears putting into Latin at all. The translator is driven to such phrases as "palumbes Deæ," "intexta vagas laquearia luces," in the above, which are very bold, and the possible use of which by any Roman poet may be questioned, though doubtless they rest on the analogy of expressions actually used by Roman poets. Virgil, for instance, says, "flores inscripti nomina regum;" but he would hardly have said "ceilings inwreathed with flitting lights." Quite modern, again, is the fine phrase of Thea to the dethroned Saturn (p. 6):—

"And all the air
Is emptied of thy hoary majesty."

And the same criticism will apply to the ingenious translation:—

"Neenon tua maxima virtus
Canaque majestas vanescit in æthere toto."

So in the following fine description of Hyperion's restless night:—

"For rest divine upon exalted couch,
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease,
With stride colossal on from hall to hall."

"Ille alias spondâ componi suetus in altâ,
Et sancto melicas voces circumdare somno:—
Nunc, ut erat, resides ultro spatiosus in horas,
Ampla pedum toto posuit vestigia templo."

The second line of the translation is as effective as the rest, but almost too bold.

Note again the words given in italics in the following highly poetical and cleverly rendered passage:—

"As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went."

"Ut celsæ quercus, ubi nox æstate fatiscit,
Magnorum nemorum viridi cum veste Senatus,
Brachia sopitæ superinclinantibus aëtris,
Dormitant, altumque rigent; nisi forte silentem
Æthera corripens, planctu non amplius uno,
Spiritus exsuperet sensim, perestque cadendo;
Sic veniunt, abeunt, divinæ murmura vocis."

The Miltonic turn, too, of the following picture of Asia leaning upon her tusk looks strange in its Latin dress:—

"Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants."

"Ut spes, candidior licet hæc, innititur anchoræ,
Sic Asia submisit ebur, latissima regni
Bellua."

And there is at least one instance of the complete omission of several forcible words, in the exigency of the translation. It occurs in Saturn's address to the prostrate Titans:—

"Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye
are here!"

"Vos tamen hic agitis, fuscique quiescentis
antro:
Hic agitis, Titanes!"

It is time to close our quotations, and take leave of Mr. Merivale. We do so with the lines, near the close of the volume, where the effulgence of Hyperion's distant approach lights up the dismal cavern of the giants, at the end of the spirited speech of Enceladus. The translation, but for one overbold phrase, is quite unexceptionable:—

"All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted stern:
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel,
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steepes,
All the sad spaces of oblivion.
And every gulph, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented
streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the heading torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible."

"Enceladum cuncti suspectare loquentem.
Tum quoque, dum tanti nomen ducis ore
resultans
Ardua Tartarei laquearia contigit antri,
Viderunt ipso jubar impallescere vultu.
Torva quidem facies, nequid effera; namque
furens
Repperit ipse furens. Cunctorum in fronte
micabat
Lucis imago novæ; sed clarius ora nitent
Saturni, cujus crines in vertice cani
Fulserunt, ut spuma citæ suffusa carine.
Atrox nocte sinum penetrat cum prova reductum.
Sic illi argenteum taciti pallere colorem;
Donec ibi splendor subitus, cœu mane coruscans,
Pervasit clivos saxa pendentes omnes,
Et contristatæ nebulis spatia omnia læthes,
Insinuans, rimasque omnes, veteresque recessus;
Summa simul tangens atque ima; experita
votum,
Raucaeque contortæ claris mugitibus undæ,
Nec non æterni fluviorum a culmine lapsæ,
Torrentesque procul cursus, et spumæ juxta
Prælia, cæca prius, vastisque obducta tenebris,
Nunc videre diem, et visu fecere tremendam."

On the whole, after making due deductions for some amount of failure almost inevitable, as it arose from difficulties almost insuperable, every scholar will congratulate Mr. Merivale upon the taste and scholarship he has displayed, and upon the general success of his new and hazardous experiment in a more or less untrodden path of classical learning. It must be borne in mind, however, that it is a much greater effort to reproduce a whole poem well than to render any number of picked passages. Here Mr. Merivale shows his great strength. The easy flow and natural air of his whole poem, the way in which all the different parts, each faithfully and poetically given, are blended into a harmonious and readable whole, entitles him to the highest praise. After a careful perusal of both Latin and English, a critic will scarcely be able to point out more than one instance of want of taste in the translation. And this is, perhaps, the best way to test Mr. Merivale, since the first and foremost requisite for translating is real taste and feeling for the original. Still, the instance alluded to quite amounts to a bathos:—

"Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep,"

is rendered,

"Tu, Saturne, jace; lacrymis ego crura rigabo."

Mr. Merivale can scarcely have classical authority for the phrase, "I will wet thy legs with tears."

In another passage occurs a very strange Latin word,—

"As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice."

"Cœu prius omne malum, velitantis ut ala procelle,
Jam rabiem expleret."

It seemed in reading over the Latin as if "velitantis" were merely a misprint for "volitantis." But the word is evidently the equivalent for "vanward." No such word as "velitari" is to be found in Facciolati's dictionary. We believe, however, that there is a kind of authority for it, and even for the short *e*. If the root is to be found in such words as *Felidæ*, the quantity may be as Mr. Merivale assumes. The real objection to the phrase, however, is that it contains a mixture of metaphors. *Ala* originally meant a troop of horse. *Velites* are, or were in Livy's time, an infantry division.

WASHINGTON IRVING.*

THE author of this biography was, he informs us, expressly charged by his uncle to write his life, and the single volume, which is all that at present has been given to the public, convinces us that the choice was a wise one. Mr. Pierre Irving was intrusted, for the purpose of the work, with a large collection of family documents, and he has exercised a laudable moderation in selecting only those which are really essential to the portrait which he had to draw; he writes, moreover, with simplicity and good taste, and his style, though occasionally defaced by such Americanisms as "the avails of a first edition," is, on the whole, agreeable and correct. On the present occasion he traces his uncle's career down to the year 1820, when, after several years of literary employment in England, he was about to start for a long continental tour. The story of an author's fortunes is seldom strikingly eventful, and youthful essays, editorial projects, answers to a critic, or negotiations with a publisher, are generally the main material with which the chronicler has to deal. A writer's books are often his best biography; they are the evidenced in them than in any narrative, however intelligent, of other and less characteristic circumstances of his career. Washington Irving's conspicuous success had, however, the effect of gaining admission for him to the most interesting classes of English and Scotch society; and a cheerful temperament and amiable disposition surrounded him with friends, and invested the commonplace routine of his life with an interest and passion that more exciting vicissitudes have frequently lacked. His father was from

* The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. Edited by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. I. Bentley. 1862.

the Orkney Islands, and his genealogy is fondly traced back by his historian to a primitive stock of Eryveins or Eriveins, discoverable in sundry blackened parchments, and to a William de Irwyn, who was secretary and armour-bearer to Bruce. It was at the house of William de Irwyn's father that Bruce, after crossing the Border, had first taken refuge, and William's own fidelity, well tried in many dangerous adventures, was rewarded by the grateful monarch with a badge of three holly-berries, the motto "sub sole sub umbra virens," a barony in the forest of Drum, and the privilege of owning slaves and hanging culprits. Subsequently, a branch of the family took refuge from troublous times in the Orcades, and its fortunes gradually declined until the time of the author's father, who served during the French war on an armed packet plying between Falmouth and New York, was fascinated at the former place by a beautiful Miss Saunders, married her in 1761, and two years later, on the return of peace, carried her with him to America. Here he entered into trade, till the outbreak of the revolution suspended all commercial arrangements, and obliged him for a time to fly from New York. Mr. Irving was a strenuous Whig, and his wife played too a conspicuous part in alleviating the sufferings of the prisoners. Washington entered New York in November, 1783, and his infant namesake was born in April of the same year. He soon displayed a vivacity which his father, in whose temperament there lingered a large admixture of Scotch Puritanism, regarded with anxiety and displeasure; and we learn that, of two half-holidays, one was devoted to the Catechism, while the monotony of three Sunday services was only partially relieved by intervals of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The father's strictness seems to have been little successful, for all his children but one quitted his communion, and Washington managed to be privately confirmed at an Episcopalian chapel. At school he seems to have exhibited a premature susceptibility, was unable to bear the sight of other boys being whipped, and having to act in some private theatricals, proceeded to announce his adoration to one of the young ladies who was similarly engaged. She admitted "that Irving was a nice boy, and handsome boy, but that he was too little;" and the rejected admirer, resolving to drown his cares in sterner pleasures, and encouraged by a copy of "Orlando Furioso," plunged forthwith into the excitements of mimic chivalry, conducted miniature tournaments in his father's garden, and re-enacted the siege of Valenciennes, on the system of Uncle Toby's campaign, with blocks of wood for palisades, a little leaden cannon for the heavy artillery, and moveable pegs for the combatants on either side. The siege was to last for fourteen days, and Washington's brother John, who represented the attacking force, was allowed to issue daily bulletins of the progress of the war. His historical bias, however, became so palpable, that Washington rejected his authority, and threw up the contest in disgust. He afterwards was fired with an ambition to go to sea, but ascertained by experiment that salt pork and hard boards were completely uncongenial, and determined to confine himself to terrestrial occupations. At sixteen he entered a lawyer's office, and for some years devoted himself assiduously to everything except that which a lawyer ought to know: he seems, indeed, from the very first, to have been incapable of the severe and continuous effort essential to professional success, and his passion for literature was certain to be fatal to his progress in a profession which, more than any other, demands an abandonment of other interests. In 1802 he entered at once the office and home of Mr. Hoffman, a distinguished advocate, and commenced an intimacy with Miss Hoffman which lasted for life. His health at this time was extremely precarious, and an incessant cough seemed to threaten an immediate danger. He began, however, a series of humorous contributions, under the title of Jonathan Old Style, to a newspaper just started by his brother, and soon set out upon an expedition into Canada with the Hoffmans. The journey had, at this time, to be performed in caravans, and the usual number of moving accidents by flood and field were duly encountered, joked about, and chronicled. When he travelled over the same ground fifty years later, Washington had not forgotten them. "All the country," he writes, "was then a wilderness; we floated down the Black River in a scow; we toiled through forests in waggons drawn by oxen; we slept in hunters' cabins; and were once four-and-twenty hours without food,—but all was romance to me."

In 1804, his brother, anxious for his health, determined upon sending him to Europe. At the end of June he disembarked at Bordeaux, improved in strength, and delighted with a very agreeable specimen of seafaring adventure. He betook himself with natural avidity to sight-seeing. "Everything," he says, "is novel and interesting to me—the heavy Gothic-looking buildings, the ancient churches, the manners of the people—it really looks another world." Here he remained six weeks to perfect himself in French, and his biographer has had the advantage of selecting such passages as he considered of sufficiently general interest from a very copious journal, which, from this time forth, with occasional intermissions, Washington Irving seems to have kept. He was fortunate enough to fall in with a little American doctor, who, though occasionally eccentric in his behaviour, was full of humour; and being a well-trained traveller, was able to aid his less experienced companion through the difficulties of custom-houses, passport-offices, and quarantines, at that time among the most formidable impediments to a comfortable tour. At Nice some difficulty of this sort detained him for some weeks, and it was not till October that he was able to sail for Genoa. Privateers were infesting the Mediterranean, and the felucca in which Irving had taken a place, was fired at by a cruiser—a melo-dramatic incident which harmonized agreeably with moonlit shores, convent-bells, and the still beauty of an Italian night. At Genoa he fell in with an agreeable fellow-countryman, and neglected the marble wonders of that city for the delight of home news, and long chats over American matters. The animosities then raging in the States shocked his genial nature: "I sicken," he writes, "when I think of our political broils, slanders, and enmities, and I think when I again find myself in New York I shall never meddle any more in politics." Washington afterwards wandered to Sicily, and fell in with certain pirates, who, after levying some small contributions, allowed the travellers to proceed in peace. At Messina he witnessed the passage of Nelson's fleet sailing majestically through the straits, and in its wake he followed to Syracuse. He landed in enthusiastic impatience, "to view the interior of a city once so celebrated for arms and arts. But, heavens! what a change: streets gloomy and ill built, and poverty, filth, and misery on every side; no countenance

displaying the honest traits of care and independence; all is servility, indigence, and discontent." At Termini he arrived during the carnival, and found a grand entertainment going on, which he understood to be a public masquerade: he was at this time travelling with a young officer of marines, whose uniform was considered a sufficiently picturesque costume for the occasion. The young travellers were somewhat dismayed by entering a magnificent saloon, crowded with splendidly-dressed guests, and rows of liveried servants; and being confronted at once by their host, Baron Palmeria, who, however, speedily condoned their mistake, and made them partake in the festivities; they did so to so much effect that before the evening was over some of their fellow guests were heard to mutter, "Son diavoli!" and Irving twenty years later recalled with delight, so unusual an introduction to Sicilian society. Naples and Rome were next explored, somewhat, it must be confessed, in the perfunctory manner for which Americans are renowned, and Irving quotes in his defence the speech of another still more blasé excursionist. "Now, my friend," he said to the *valet de place* with whom he was going out in search of curiosities, "recollect I am tired of churches, convents, palaces, galleries of paintings, subterraneous passages, and great men; if you have anything else to show me, *allons!*" The gaieties of Paris were more in harmony with the young traveller's present mood, and his journal consists largely of theatrical observations. In the same way, nothing seems so much to have interested him in London as the acting of Mrs. Siddons and Kemble; the former impressed him by the tragical severity of her ordinary behaviour. "She reminds me," he said, "of Walter Scott's knights, who carved the meat with their gloves of steel, and drank the red wine through their helmets barred." When he was, in the later times of his literary celebrity, led up to him to be introduced to her, she looked at him for a moment, and then slowly exclaimed, "You've made me weep." Irving was at a loss for a reply, but on a subsequent introduction, Mrs. Siddons used precisely the same expression, and the author was sufficiently prepared to be able to reply with an appropriate compliment.

In 1806 Irving was again in New York; the festivities of the place were at this time of the boisterous order. One gentleman, after dining in his company, informed him next day that he had in going home fallen through a grating, which had been left improperly open. "The solitude," he said, "was rather dismal at first, but several of the other guests fell in in the course of the evening, and we had, on the whole, quite a pleasant time of it." This literal manner of "dropping in for the evening" was not likely, of course, to be fashionable, except among people of high spirits and robust frames, and Irving himself seems to have looked back with surprise upon such rough joviality. "Who would have thought," he said, in later life, to Governor Kemble, one of his early companions, "that we should ever have lived to be two such respectable old gentlemen!" He now devoted himself to various literary undertakings, and made the agreeable discovery that he could write what the rest of mankind would be willing to read. The hearty reception which his writings received, both in his own and in this country, convinced him that it was by the pen that he was most likely to make his fortune. "I have not," he once said, in refusing a Government position, "the kind of knowledge or the habits that are necessary for business or regular official duty. My acquirements, tastes, and habits, are just such as to adapt me for the kind of literary exertions which I contemplate."

In 1809 Miss Hoffman, to whom he was engaged, died, and Irving seems never to have recovered from the blow. He remained a bachelor to the end; and though his pecuniary difficulties were the ostensible reason of his celibacy, his most intimate friends knew that his regret was never extinguished, and that it was too constantly present to his mind to admit of any other attachment. He never mentioned the subject; and thirty years afterwards, when Mr. Hoffman made some allusion to his daughter, Irving relapsed from the highest spirits into a gloomy silence, and in a few minutes left the house. "I have loved," so runs the expression in one of his own writings, which probably was the literal truth, "as I shall never again love in this world; I have been loved as I shall never again be loved." Such a loss naturally increased Irving's indisposition for a settled career. Even after his playfulness returned, his mind seemed thoroughly unhinged: "I seemed to drift, without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze: my heart wanted anchorage." Other labours, however, awaited him, and a second journey to England supplied him new interests, introduced him to Sir Walter Scott, and raised him, by the extreme popularity of the "Sketch-Book," to a dignified position among the professors of light literature. A business project in which he was interested proved a disastrous failure, and Irving had to undergo all the distressing annoyances incidental to commercial embarrassment. The volume leaves him, wearied, anxious, and discouraged.

"I think," he says, "I was formed for an uxorious man, and I cannot hear of my old cronies, snugly settled down with good wives and fine children round them, but I feel for the moment desolate and forlorn. Heavens! what a hazard, schemeless life mine has been, that here I should be, at this time of life, youth slipping away, and scribbling month after month, and year after year, far from home, without any means or prospect of entering into matrimony, which I absolutely believe indispensable to the happiness and even comfort of the after-part of existence."

MUSIC.

THE TWO ITALIAN OPERA HOUSES.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—MUSICAL UNION.—THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The musical season, like the summer season, has set in with such remarkable power that to chronicle its chief incidents with anything like completeness in a journal not exclusively devoted to "Art divine," becomes well nigh a matter of impossibility. If, then, we should fail to do justice to the leading topics of the day, or neglect to notice many excellent performances, we hope it may not be ascribed to ill-will or want of interest on our part. It would fill pages were we to attempt to describe at length all the musical doings of the week. A grand opera here, a new singer there; to-day a quartet meeting, to-morrow an orchestral concert; the "Messiah" at Exeter Hall, the "Messiah" at St. James's Hall; music in the morning, music in the evening, music everywhere. It would require another Briareus to record all these various entertainments.

All we can do is to choose between those performances which to our mind offer the greatest interest. One of the principal events of the week has been the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, the great "Temple of Art," as Mr. Mapleson styles it. The opera chosen for inauguration was "Un Ballo in Maschera," one of Verdi's latest, but by no means best, works. When the opera was performed last year at the Lyceum Theatre, with nearly the same cast, Mdle. Tietjens and Signor Giuglini filling the principal parts, we expressed the opinion that but for "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschera" would have been a very popular opera, since it contains many charming melodies and some excellent concerted pieces. So strong a family likeness, however, exists between the latter and the former operas, that the tunes which abound in "Un Ballo" have lost much of their charm, and fall flat on the ear of the listener. For this reason do we doubt whether the opera will ever obtain a permanent success, in England, at least. If the performance on Saturday last failed to produce any great effect it can hardly be ascribed to an inefficient execution of the music, for, with one exception, the cast was, in many respects, highly to be commended. Mdle. Tietjens is well-suited for the part of Amelia, the wife of the conspirator, Renato. Her fine, though somewhat heavy, voice tells with great effect in so large a building as Her Majesty's Theatre; while her dramatic capacity finds abundant scope for display. Signor Giuglini, too, appears to advantage in the rôle of Riccardo (Gustave III). He is a great favourite with the frequenters of this aristocratic establishment, who unconditionally admire all his qualities. That he sings his music with much taste and sweetness can scarcely be denied, but that, as a dramatic singer, Signor Giuglini is far below the mark is equally certain. On the new barytone, Signor Giraldoni, a Frenchman by birth, for whom the part of Renato was originally written, we cannot yet offer a decided opinion. His voice, though powerful, is somewhat forced, and lacks *timbre*. He sings with true Italian expression, but his expression occasionally borders on exaggeration. Thus, the aria "O! dolcezza perdute"—a master-piece of declamation and vocalization in the hands of Signor Delle Sedie, Signor Giraldoni's predecessor at the Lyceum,—produced, on this occasion, little or no effect. The music allotted to the page Oscar (a mischievous creature, as are most operatic pages) was not very brilliantly rendered. When we heard Mdle. Dario some time since at the concerts given by the Sisters Marchisio, at St. James's Hall, we thought her voice too strong for the room; but we now find, hearing her on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, that her efforts are still too much for the size of the building, so that she has too much voice for either theatre or concert-room. We cannot speak highly of her talent as a vocalist, but, on the other hand, Mdle. Dario—an English lady, we understand,—is gifted with so much self-confidence, and possesses such indomitable courage, that we should not be surprised if she were yet to become a good singer. The orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Signor Arditi, seem to be selected with great care, and will no doubt improve as the season advances.

It is said of Rossini, that he never attends a performance of his own operas. It would seem that Signor Verdi feels the same reluctance, since, though present at the performance of "Le Prophète" at the Royal Italian Opera, he did not, we are told, honour "Un Ballo in Maschera" with his presence. M. Meyerbeer, to return the compliment, a day after his arrival in town, was observed in a box at Her Majesty's Theatre on the very night that "Le Prophète" was given at the other house; so that here, too, the composer of "Les Huguenots" did not appear very anxious to witness the performance of one of his later works. Nor did the performance of "Dinorah" attract him to visit the house. Mdle. Cillag appears to greater advantage in the character of Fides than in that of La Favorita, while Signor Tamberlik is probably the only tenor who can give proper effect to the part of Jean de Leyden. "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" would, perhaps, not have pleased its author quite so much, although he might have fancied himself to be present at a French representation of his charming opera, finding that Madame Miolan-Carvalho and M. Faure were the representatives of Dinorah and Hoël. Indeed, as far as Madame Miolan was concerned, it would have puzzled M. Meyerbeer to judge whether he was listening to Dinorah in the French or in the Italian tongue, since the French prima donna's pronunciation of both languages is nearly identical. Nor was her singing, we fear, quite calculated to enchant the critical ear of the German composer, who, we are certain, disapproves of the constant *vibrato* style which nowadays appears to be so much in fashion. Both M. Faure, and, we are sorry to add, Madame Didié, partake of the same fault, and follow Madame Miolan's bad example. Signor Gardoni appeared for the first time this season as Corentin—a part not greatly distinguished by vocal effect, but yet dramatically interesting. It is one of Signor Gardoni's best characters. The audience was extremely moderate in its demonstrations of approval.

We regret to be obliged to speak in very brief terms of the concerts of the week, although they were, without exception, worthy of the highest praise. The Royal Society of Musicians—an institution remarkable alike for its usefulness and its high artistic position—gave a very excellent performance of "The Messiah" at St. James's Hall, which we were glad to see attended by a very numerous audience. Some of our most eminent singers had kindly volunteered their services, the concert taking place for a charitable purpose, while the orchestra and chorus, under the able direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, greatly distinguished themselves on this occasion. Indeed, we seldom listened to a more admirable performance of Handel's masterpiece. The reception accorded to Professor Bennett on entering the orchestra was a just tribute to his qualities as a man and as an artist, and received double weight from the fact of his having been the object of most unworthy treatment in other quarters.

The first *séance* of the Musical Union this season was held on Tuesday last, at St. James's Hall. There is so little difference between Mr. Ella's aristocratic afternoon meetings and Mr. Arthur Chappell's Monday Popular Concerts, in a musical point of view, the same performers appearing in both places, that criticism becomes almost superfluous. Messrs. Joachim, Hallé, and Piatti, were the lions of the day, and played Beethoven's grand trio in B flat, Op. 97, to perfec-

tion. A quartet of Haydn's in D minor, No. 78, and the one in D major, Op. 44, by Mendelssohn, were likewise admirably rendered by Messrs. Joachim, Riea, H. Blagrove, and Piatti. The *matinée* ended with some brilliant violin and pianoforte solos.

If any proof were wanting to show that Mr. Alfred Mellon is a most accomplished conductor, we should find it in the last concert of the Musical Society of London, when Beethoven's choral symphony was the chief feature of the programme, and was executed with remarkable success. That the ninth and last symphony of the great master is not so frequently performed as are his other symphonies, is as much owing to the difficulties abounding in the work as to the colossal proportions of the last movement—the "Ode to Joy." It requires not only a first-rate orchestra, but also a most efficient chorus and a vocal quartet of the highest excellence. As usual, in this gigantic creation, the orchestra and chorus left little to be desired, but the principal singers were far from perfect. We are quite aware that the music allotted to the quartet is both ungrateful and impracticable, but that it can be well sung has been proved on more than one occasion. The fact is, the singers to whom the music is intrusted rarely study their parts; they somehow scramble through the notes, and, feeling they are at fault, give it up as a hopeless task. If Miss Banks, Miss Lascelles, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, had given themselves the trouble to practise and rehearse their music together, as four instrumentalists would have done, they would have given greater satisfaction to the audience and shown a better appreciation of their duty.

The next piece of importance was the concerto in E. flat for two pianofortes by Mozart, executed by Messrs. Hallé and Stephen Heller, the latter making his first appearance in London after a lapse of many years. That the presence of M. Heller at this concert excited deep interest will readily be believed, when it is remembered that he ranks among the first pianoforte composers of the day, apart from his capacity as a performer. A brilliant example of his skill and musical knowledge was offered by the introduction of two cadences in the concerto of Mozart,—one in the allegro, the other in the finale,—which were so *à propos* and so thoroughly Mozartish, that they might have been written by the great composer himself. The first cadence especially was a masterpiece of construction and artistic conception, and brought out the talent of the players in a very high degree. Both M. Hallé and M. Stephen Heller were warmly applauded at the conclusion of their performance. The remainder of the concert calls for little remark. The overtures to "Faniska," by Cherubini, and Rossini's "Gazza ladra," were played with great spirit by the splendid band, under the command of Mr. Mellon, who received a most hearty welcome from a distinguished and musical audience, and was recalled into the orchestra after the performance of the symphony. At the next concert, we are pleased to note, a portion of the music to "the Tempest," by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, will be included in the programme, the solos being sung by Mdle. Parepa and Miss Robertine Henderson.

And now for the music composed for the inauguration of the International Exhibition. So much has been said and written about the musical arrangements for this festive occasion that we feel somewhat reluctant to return once more to this painful subject. We cannot refrain, however, from remarking, that but for the undignified behaviour of one man, and the unworthy acquiescence of her Majesty's Commissioners in the conditions imposed by him, this great musical congress would have been as gratifying to our national feeling as it was honourable to our musical fame. Mr. Costa took it upon himself to disturb the sweet harmony by a flagrant discord. It is hardly worth while to dwell upon the causes that led to so deplorable an event, nor shall we gain much by further inquiry into the conduct of the Royal Commissioners. But one thing is certain: they have utterly failed in the task entrusted to them, and have been singularly unmindful of the duty they had to fulfil. Music was to be represented by England, France, Germany, and Italy. Each country was invited to send forth its noblest champion. Bennett, Auber, Meyerbeer, and Verdi, were the elected. And what do we see? The first is slighted, the last discarded. It is all very well for Mr. Costa to shift the burden on to the shoulders of the Commissioners, and for the Commissioners to shield Mr. Costa, but equal blame attaches to both. If the former knew nothing about music, they should have consulted others who did. If the latter had neither sympathy for the land of his birth, nor gratitude towards the country of his adoption, he should have declined the honour offered to him, and should have abstained altogether from taking part in this discreditable affair. But why recur to what cannot be remedied? After all, Bennett is Bennett, and Costa remains Costa. As to Verdi, his success fortunately does not depend on the work written for the International Exhibition, and this may, in some measure, console him for the neglect he has met with at the hands of her Majesty's Commissioners.

Our readers have no doubt learnt from the official statements what constituted the programme of the opening ceremonial, and in what order the special musical performances took place. We shall therefore at once proceed to give a description of the music, as far as it is possible to do so after a single hearing, and state our impression, derived from the performance. It must naturally be difficult to judge of the sound in a building not intended for musical purposes; but we think, on the whole, that the result far exceeded expectations. From the place where we were standing (the luxury of a seat having been denied us), those portions of the music in which the chorus and wind instruments were engaged had the best chance of being heard. The effect of the stringed instruments was altogether lost. A piano was out of the question; but, when the whole body of performers, 2,000 singers and 400 players, combined in their efforts, the effect was very imposing. For this reason do we think Professor Bennett's "Ode" the most successful performance of the day. But, apart from these considerations, we are of opinion that his music carries away the palm, and that it is, perhaps, the best work of its kind our distinguished countryman has yet given to the world. There is a stately grandeur, a lofty inspiration, and a deep pathos in this composition, which can scarcely be surpassed. The opening chorale,—

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"Uplift a thousand voices, full and sweet,
In this wide hall, with earth's invention stored,"—

a broad, impressive melody, at once affects the hearer by its noble character, and the smoothness of its flow. After repeating the theme, the composer starts off into the minor key, in order to impart due solemnity and tenderness of expression to the following beautiful lines of the Poet Laureate:—

"O silent father of our kings to be,
Mourned in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee."

Nothing can be more touching or more mournful than the music of this movement; it is one of the most exquisite strains we have ever listened to. Equally happy is the rendering of the phrase,—

"Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood."

A little more variety of rhythm might perhaps have been introduced into the last verses, and a greater amount of fancy given to the line,

"And gathering all the fruits of peace, and crown'd with all her flowers,"

thereby relieving to some extent the solid nature of the composition; but, on the whole, this ode is one of the noblest creations we possess of England's greatest musician. The performance was in every respect to be commended, and reflects the highest credit on the performers and the conductor, M. Sainton. Our readers will scarcely believe us when we state that Professor Bennett, to whom we owe this admirable composition, and to whom the Commissioners are so greatly indebted, was actually obliged to take his place among the crowd in order to hear his own work, and was compelled to avail himself of his *juror's* ticket to obtain admission into the building, no invitation whatever having reached him to be present at the performance of his Ode; while to Mrs. Bennett, a lady in a very delicate state of health, not even a seat was offered on this memorable occasion.

The instrumental pieces were equally successful. M. Meyerbeer's "Overture en Forme de Marche" consists of three separate marches:—1. Triumphal March; 2. Sacred March; 3. Quick March and National Air. These three distinct movements are most ingeniously worked out, and display all the characteristic features of the great composer's talent. The introduction of "Rule Britannia" is most happily contrived, and brings the whole to a brilliant close.

Of M. Auber's composition, we regret not to be able to offer a decided opinion. Some portions of the work, especially the middle movement, were partially inaudible, on account of its delicate instrumentation. The slow movement, however, for cornets and trombones, appeared to us extremely beautiful, and quite worthy of the celebrated French composer's masterly pen. A very spirited and graceful passage occurs in the last movement, while the "coda" is particularly striking for its "entrain" and animation. We hope to have an early opportunity of hearing this charming composition under more favourable circumstances. We have only to add that the "Hallelujah Chorus" and "Amen," from the "Messiah," were given with the utmost power and grandeur by the united forces, and that the entire performance concluded with a very spirited execution of the National Anthem. Altogether the inauguration of the international gathering was in the highest degree successful; far more so, indeed, than we had any reason to expect from its antecedents. The orchestral arrangements were in the hands of the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society, who have proved on more than one occasion that they fully understand the work allotted to them. For further details we must refer our readers to another portion of our paper.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE DANGEROUS NATURE OF CARBONIC OXIDE.

THE poisonous action of the gas carbonic oxide is too important a subject to need any apology for again recurring to it. On the occasion of the lamentable accident at the Hartley Colliery, we stated it as our conviction that this gas played a more active part than was generally imagined. We now find, in confirmation of our remarks, from instances collected together and experiments recently tried by Dr. Letheby, that its poisonous characters were by no means over-estimated. At the commencement of the present century, Clement and Desormes proved its poisonous nature; birds falling dead in it before they could be taken out, and the experimenters themselves being attacked with giddiness and faintness upon attempting to breathe it. Sir Humphrey Davy, in repeating this experiment, was affected more seriously, three inspirations of the diluted gas producing a temporary loss of sensation, which was succeeded by giddiness, sickness, acute pains, and extreme debility, from which he did not entirely recover for some days. In 1814, a similar experiment was tried, with an almost fatal result. Mr. Wilter, experimenting with the gas, inhaled it in the pure state three or four times, when he was suddenly deprived of sense and volition, and fell upon the floor in a state of perfect insensibility, resembling apoplexy, and with a pulse nearly extinct. Various restorative means were employed, without success, until the use of oxygen gas was resorted to, which was forced into his lungs, when life was restored. He did not, however, completely recover for a long time afterwards. Since then Jourdes and Leblanc, in conjunction with Dumas, experimented with it, in a more extended manner, upon birds, rabbits, and other small animals, when they proved that as small a quantity as one per cent. of the gas mixed with common air was sufficient to prove fatal to animal life. Dr. Letheby, in repeating these experiments recently, has ascertained that as small a proportion as a half per cent. will kill small birds in about three minutes, the animal presenting no sign of pain, but falling insensible, and either dying at once or gradually sleeping away, as if in profound coma. The action of this gas on human beings has frequently been demonstrated by accident. Since the year 1810, attempts have been made to promote the use of water-gas as a means of illumination. This water-gas is obtained by the decomposition of water by red-hot carbon, the products being a mixture of hydrogen and carbonic oxide, the proportion of the latter sometimes amounting

to as much as thirty-four per cent. The use of this gas has, however, been interdicted on the Continent owing to the number of fatal accidents which have occurred through the accidental escape of it into houses, &c. At Strasburg the gas escaped from the pipes into a baker's shop, and was fatal to several persons; and not long after, an aeronaut named Delcourt incautiously used the gas for inflating his balloon. He was made insensible in the car, and those who approached the balloon to give him assistance, fainted and fell likewise.

These, however, are instances of the poisonous action of the gas artificially prepared. If the only source of this body were the experimental laboratory of the chemist, its fatal properties would be of no more consequence than those of thousands of equally or more deadly substances known to science. But carbonic oxide is produced in the combustion of carbon whenever the supply of air is limited. It is found in the neighbourhood of brick-kilns and furnaces, and it is very probable, says Dr. Letheby, that the singular catastrophe which happened at Clayton Moor in the summer of 1857, was caused by the diffusion into the air of carbonic oxide from the neighbouring iron furnaces. There is a row of cottages near to these furnaces, where, in the month of June, 1857, a number of persons were suddenly seized with insensibility, which soon passed, in some cases, into coma and death; about thirty persons were thus attacked. The effects were attributed, at the time, to the escape of sulphuretted hydrogen from the slag on which the cottages were built; but it is more probable that they were caused by the carbonic oxide from the furnaces. It is also worthy of remark, that Boussingault has noticed that the leaves of aquatic plants give off carbonic oxide and marsh gas when under the influence of solar light; and he asks whether this gas, so produced, may not be concerned in the unhealthiness of marsh districts?

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPECTRAL ANALYSIS.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—In your various articles on spectral analysis you have overlooked the very remarkable discovery recently made by M. Fizeau, of the Academy of Sciences, and described in his "Note on the Light emitted by Sodium burning in Air."* The phenomena which he has observed is precisely the inverse of that produced by all flames in which there is sodium. In these all the rays of the spectrum are wanting, with the exception of those which form the double line D; but with sodium burning in air all the lines of the spectrum are very brilliant, excepting those of the line D, which are totally wanting. This remarkable phenomenon is not exhibited till the combustion of the sodium is very active.

When the metal begins to take fire, the line D is brilliant upon a dark ground, but as the combustion becomes more active, it develops, on both sides of the line D, which becomes fainter, intense rays which gradually cover the whole spectrum with its ordinary colours when the sodium is wholly on fire, the only rays wanting being those of the double line D, which has exactly the same appearance that it has in the solar spectrum. This remarkable phenomenon has not been observed in the combustion of potassium, lithium, magnesium, and zinc, whether burnt alone or mixed with sodium.

I am, Sir, &c.,

B.

May 1st, 1862.

[Our correspondent will find, in No. 89 of THE LONDON REVIEW, for March 15, a notice of M. Fizeau's experiment, under the head of "Contemporary Science."—Ed. L. R.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MICROSCOPIC ORGANISMS IN THE PALEOZOIC ROCKS OF NEW YORK.—At Professor Dana's suggestion, Dr. M. C. White, so well known for his microscopical researches, has examined various specimens of the hornstone-nodules found in the Devonian and Silurian rocks of America, with a view to determine the presence of organisms analogous to those so common in the flints of the chalk. This research has been rewarded by the discovery of an abundance of organisms referable to the Desmideæ, some few diatoms, numerous spicula of sponges, and fragments of the lingual teeth of gasteropods. There is also a great variety of the so-called Xanthidia, supposed to be the spores of Desmids. These researches have been mostly confined to the hornstone-nodules of the corniferous limestone. Hornstone-nodules from Black River limestone, as well as nodules from the corniferous limestone, have, since Dr. White's discovery, been examined by Mr. F. H. Bradley, with similar results. These observations will be regarded with much interest by geologists as well as microscopists, as they carry back to a very early geological period forms of life which have hitherto been looked upon as belonging to a much more recent era in the ages of our planet. The analogy of these hornstone-nodules to the flints of our chalk is obvious, and the discoveries here announced may be regarded as establishing their similarity of origin. Some of these paleozoic organisms so closely resemble those of our flints, that it is not possible at present to make out any differences between them. Full details of Dr. White's researches, with figures of the specimens, will appear in the forthcoming number of Silliman's *American Journal of Science*.

THE SHELL-BANKS OF LA VENDEE.—The discovery of such interesting relics of a primitive race of men in the refuse-heaps of Denmark has naturally caused shell-mounds to be everywhere made the subjects of much interest. Amongst those lately much talked about are the shell-banks at St. Michel-en-Lherm, which consist chiefly of the remains of various molluscs, amongst which oyster-shells are the most common. Different opinions have been formed about them; some thinking they were natural banks, left intact by the retiring of the sea; some that they were mounds of debris thrown up; others, again, that they had been formed by the upheaval of the district in which they occur. M. de Quatrefages, the celebrated naturalist, has recently paid a visit to them, and finds the appearances of the banks to be completely contradictory of these hypotheses. As he found in them a silver buckle, a large iron nail, and some coins of Pepin le Bref, he concludes that they are neither natural nor uplifted, nor of the refuse of the meals of the ancient people of the Stone age, but that they are more probably the mounds artificially made in the time of Charlemagne to serve as shelter for the vessels of the inhabitants, who were charged with the watching of the movements of the Normans.

THE ELECTRIC SPARK IN COMPOSITE GASES.—To Professor Seguin, of Grenoble, while repeating the experiments of Plücker and others, the idea occurred a short

* *Comptes Rendus du Mars 3, 1862, tom. liv., p. 403.*

time since that he could, by transmitting the induction spark through composite gases (not rarified), determine the spectra proper to their elements. To obtain thus the spectrum of sulphur, he submitted to the discharge of the Ruhmkorff coil sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, and finally the vapour of sulphur. He then made similar experiments with phosphoretted hydrogen, and the vapour of phosphorus. In the vapour of sulphur, especially, the spectrum is magnificent. To arrest the combustion of this vapour and that of phosphorus, a current of hydrogen was passed into the receiver, the spectrum of that gas being so simple as not to mask in any way those of the other elements. He has lately prosecuted other experiments of this character. The effects of the induction spark in the fluorate of silicium and in the fluorate of borax were the production of a very fine blue ray, which gave to the spark a considerable power of illumination, and which M. Seguin attributes to the fluor, because M. Plücker has not noted it in the spectrum of the chlorate of silicium in rarified vapour, and, as he himself could not perceive it, in the same compound vapour, taken at saturation. He has also observed the changes which the spark undergoes by producing a chemical reaction in the medium it traverses. For example, when it decomposes a carbonated hydrogen, strongly carburated, it resembles a really dazzling flame, and the spectrum observed by the naked eye appears continuous, like that of the white portion of ordinary flames. When the decomposition is advanced and the hydrogen is set free, and the carbon deposited upon the electrodes, the spark is fine, slender, and the rays are perfectly defined. In the first case, the continuity of the spectrum may be occasioned by the presence of a great number of the incandescent particles of carbon; in the second, it is possible the rays may be those of carbon, for M. Villigen has stated that the spectrum of the electric light between two carbon points is the same as that of the flames of carbonated hydrogens. These results suggest an affinity with the curious experiment of M. Fizeau on the combustion of sodium, in which a spectrum, reduced at first to a double yellow ray, afterwards offers a continuity of colour dependant on the accumulation of particles of soda in the flame.

LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

Numismatic Society, April 24th. W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—The articles exhibited were:—By Mr. Akerman, a cast of a brass coin of Cunobeline: on the obverse CVNOBELINVS, a man on horseback to right, and on the reverse TASCIOVANTIS, an armed figure. This coin was found at Abingdon. By Rev. J. H. Pollexfen, one gold and two brass coins of Cunobeline, found at Colchester, of which no examples were in the British Museum collection. By Mr. Vaux, a cast of a groat of Henry IV., V., or VI., found at Bermondsey, in the house of Sir John Pope, which was built about 1420. This coin is in a beautiful state of preservation, and has been presented to the British Museum by J. C. Buckler, Esq. By Mr. Madden, a cast of a rare silver coin of Michael VII. and Maria (1071—1078), lately presented to the British Museum by Madame Tremefidi; and a cast of a pattern of a halfpenny of George III.; it is similar to the halfpennies designed by the French artist Droz. By Mr. Rolfe, a very nicely preserved brass coin of Carausius. By Mr. Madden, a rare coin of the Gallienus family, which has by some been considered to be an altered or a false coin. The majority, however, of numismatists who have seen it, are in favour of it being neither altered nor false. An animated discussion ensued.

Royal Society of Literature, Anniversary Meeting, 23rd April. Rev. Thos. Fuller, M.A., in the chair.—Mr. Vaux, Hon. Sec., read the report. The Rev. H. A. Cox, M.A., Keeper of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and Thomas Watts, Esq., of the British Museum, were elected honorary members. The officers elected for the ensuing year are—President: the Lord Bishop of St. David's. Vice-Presidents: His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, K.G.; The Earl of Clarendon, K.G.; Sir John Boileau, Bart.; Sir John Dorant, M.D.; William Tooke, Esq.; the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; the Lord Chief Baron; Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, K.C.B.; Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., F.R.S. Council: Rev. Churchill Babington; J. Bonomi, Esq.; Beriah Botfield, Esq., M.P.; Thomas Greenwood, Esq.; Earl De Grey and Ripon; Augustus Guest, LL.D.; N. E. S. A. Hamilton, Esq.; John Hogg, Esq.; Alexander J. Beresford Hope, Esq.; the Rev. Thomas Hugo; James Hunt, Esq.; John Winter Jones, Esq.; The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of London; James Cotter Morrison, Esq.; J. Godfrey Teed, Esq., Q.C.; W. S. W. Vaux, Esq. Treasurer: W. Tooke, Esq. Auditors: Henry Willoughby, Esq.; Edmund Oldfield, Esq. Librarian: Rev. J. J. S. Perowne. Foreign Secretary: John Hogg, Esq. Secretary: W. S. W. Vaux, Esq.

Zoological Society.—The anniversary meeting of this society was held on the 29th ultimo, when very satisfactory statements were made of the society's progress, funds, and collection. The receipts for the year ending December, 1861, were £16,863, and although this is less in amount than those of 1860—a very extraordinary one—by £790, the year 1861, notwithstanding the general depression which prevailed, will still rank seventh highest in the total series, from the establishment of the menagerie in the Regent's-park, in 1828; thus decisively marking the increased prosperity of the society and the popularity of their instructive gardens. Proud as we may well be of the learned societies of London, of none can we be more so than of the Zoological Society, who, besides publishing valuable volumes of transactions and proceedings, maintain an immense collection of living animals without the slightest assistance from the State. The total number of visitors to the society's gardens during the past year was 381,837; of these 188,805 entered by payment on Mondays and holidays, when the charge is sixpence, and 111,658 on the other, or shilling days. The admissions granted to charity-schools and other such institutions free of charge were 15,515. No facts can speak more plainly of the deserved popularity of the gardens and of the liberality of the council. The effectiveness of the arrangements and the excellent condition of the animals bear testimony to the excellence of the present system of administration, as also to the general attention and carefulness of the various keepers and other officials employed in the gardens. The cash statement of the annual report showed £6,360 in hand, against liabilities estimated at £1,724, while the sum of £822 was due to the society for subscriptions, publications, and garden sales of duplicates and dead animals. The riches of the society are further increased by their vast collection of living animals, not included in any way in the above statement, but which is estimated at considerably more than £17,000.

Looking to the prospect of the large number of visitors to be expected during the approaching season, and to prevent any complaints in respect to proper accommodation in this respect, the Council have erected a large additional refreshment-room, cellars, and other accessories, at a cost of nearly £1,500,—properly considering themselves justified in this expenditure as being necessary for a place of such attraction and public resort. Amongst the rarities received at the gardens during the past year, and which are too numerous for us to detail, we may specially notice the stein-bok (*Calotragus tragulus*), received in Europe for the first time; and the singular specimen of water-hen from Tristan

d'Acunha (figured in No. 52 of this journal, 29th June). Of the animals which bred during the past year we may notice, amongst the birds, the Himalayan pheasants; the black, white-crested, and purple kaleeges; the Turquoise parakeet; Cambayan and collared doves; bronze-winged pigeon; ring-necked, Impeyan, and Cheer pheasants; the Cape Francolin; Californian quail; emu; Manchurian crane; black and black-necked swans; ashy-headed geese; ruddy sheldrake; pintail, dusky, Gadwall, Bahama, and the hybrid castaneous ducks; amongst the mammals, the eland; puma; silver fox; badger; brown bear, white bear; peccary; Punjab sheep; Barasingha, Japanese, Sambur, Axis, and hog deer; jaguar; yak (*Bos grunniens*); Zebu (*Bos indicus*); giraffe; mouflon (*Ovis musimon*); kangaroo (*Macropus Bennettii*). The Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, who has long been an active Vice-President of the Society, was confirmed by the meeting in the presidential chair, to which he was elected by the council on the death of the lamented Prince Albert.

Royal Institution.—Annual Meeting, May 1, the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., F.R.S., in the chair. The Annual Report was adopted. The subscriptions amounted to £3,013. 10s.; the receipts for lectures, £740. 11s. 6d.; the total income for the year, £4,693. 9s. On December 31st, 1861, the funded property was £28,655. 17s. 2d.; and balance at bankers', £968. 16s. 8d., with £600 in Exchequer Bills. During the year 1861, 524 volumes were added, by purchase and donations, to the library; and 63 lectures and 21 evening discourses were delivered. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:—President: The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., F.R.S. Treasurer: William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. Secretary: Henry Bence Jones, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. Managers: The Rev. John Barlow, M.A., F.R.S.; William Bowman, Esq., F.R.S.; Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S.; Warren De la Rue, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.; George Dodd, Esq., F.S.A.; The Earl of Ducie, F.R.S.; John Hall Gladstone, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.; William Robert Grove, Esq., M.A., Q.C., F.R.S.; Sir Henry Holland Bart., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.; The Lord Lovaine, M.P.; William Frederick Pollock, Esq., M.A.; Lewis Powell, M.D., F.S.A.; Robert P. Roupell, Esq., M.A., Q.C.; Lieut.-Gen. Edward Sabine, R.A., President of Royal Society; and Col. Philip James Yorke, F.R.S.

Royal Geographical Society, 28th ult. Major-General J. E. Portlock, R.E., Vice-President in the chair. The papers read were—1. "The Surface Currents in the Bay of Bengal, in the South-west Monsoon," by Lieutenant J. A. Heathcote, I.N., in which were described the currents prevailing in the Bay of Bengal at that season of the year when the greatest dangers are presented to the navigation and commerce of a sea that is one of the great highways of the world. In its compilation the experience of navigators of ability had been collected, and the greatest care taken to obtain a reliable and trustworthy result. 2. "Notes of a Visit to the Elburz Mountains, and Ascent of Demavend," by R. G. Watson, Esq. Mr. Watson's party succeeded, after a great deal of trouble and danger, owing to the steepness of the ascent, and the unwillingness of the guides to proceed, in reaching the edge of the crater. The summit he places at above 21,000 feet. The reading of the other paper announced, "On the Ruins of Cassope," by Lieutenant Collinson, R.E., was postponed.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

ENTOMOLOGICAL—12, Bedford-row.
ARCHITECTS—9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 P.M. Anniversary.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 2 P.M. General Monthly Meeting.
GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—5, Cavendish-square. "On Bone-beds: their Position in Sedimentary Strata, and Probable Origin." By Mr. George E. Roberts.

TUESDAY.

ETHNOLOGICAL—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Commixture of Races of Man in Europe." By John Crawford, Esq., President. 2. "Notes on Strength and Weight of the Europeans and Asiatics." By Dr. Shortt. 3. "On Some Peruvian Skulls." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.
CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. 1. Continuation of paper "On the Sea Dykes of Sievig and Holstein; and the Reclamation of Land from the Sea." By John Paton, C.E. 2. "On Reclaiming Lands from Seas and Estuaries." By James Oldham, C.E. 3. "On the Reclamation of Land from Seas and Estuaries." By J. H. Muller.

STATISTICAL—12, St. James's-square, at 8 P.M.
SYRO-EGYPTIAN—22, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, 7½ P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—King's College, Strand, 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 4 P.M. Mr. C. T. Newton, "On Ancient Art."

WEDNESDAY.

ROYAL LITERATURE—St. Martin's-place, at 8½ P.M. "On the Chief Inscriptions and Temples at Baalbec." By J. Hogg, Esq.
GEOLOGICAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M.
SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M. Conversation at the South Kensington Museum.

THURSDAY.

ROYAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M.
ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8½ P.M.
PHILOLOGICAL—Somerset House, at 8 P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M., Dr. Lyon Playfair, "On the Progress of Chemical Arts, 1851—1862."

FRIDAY.

ASTRONOMICAL—Somerset House, at 8 P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 8 P.M., "On the Resisting Properties of Iron." By W. Fairbairn, Esq.

SATURDAY.

BOTANIC—Inner Circle, Regent's-park, at 3½ P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Professor Anderson, "On Agricultural Chemistry."

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND SOCIETY.

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NOTICE.

The LONDON REVIEW is now Published on SATURDAY Morning, in time for the early trains.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Enormous success of MR. SOTHERN in the character of Lord Dunderbary. BROTHER SAM'S LETTER nightly encored. The brilliant Senora Perea Nena in her renowned Spanish Ballet every evening. Mr. Buckstone as Asa Trenchard also every evening. MONDAY, MAY 5th, and during the week, JOHN JONES, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN at 7 past 7; Perea Nena at 10, concluding with MY HUSBAND'S GHOST.

MR. & MRS. GERMAN REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY, will give their New Entertainment, THE FAMILY LEGEND, by Tom Taylor, Esq., and MR. JOHN PARRY'S MUSICAL NARRATIVE OF A COLLEEN BAWN, every evening (except Saturday), at 8; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street.—Unreserved seats, 1s., 2s.; stalls, 3s.; stall (spring) chairs, 5s., secured in advance (without fee), at the Gallery, and at Messrs. CRAMER & Co.'s, 20, Regent-street.

NOTICE.—During the Easter Holidays an extra Morning Representation will be given every Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

MR. MARK LEMON "ABOUT LONDON," will commence for the Season on MONDAY, MAY 5th, at 3 o'clock.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S BENEFIT, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, May 5th, at the St. James's Hall.—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Vocalists, Mr. Tennant and Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Mr. Hallé will play Weber's Sonata in A flat, for Pianoforte solo; Beethoven's Sonata in C Minor, for Pianoforte and Violin, with Herr Joachim; and Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor, with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. Seats, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 59, New Bond-street; and at AUSTIN'S, 25, Piccadilly.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION SEASON. Open at Half-past Seven. Commence at Eight.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—Grand Operatic Selections from IL TROVATORE, NORMA, TRAVIATA, MARTHA, SONNAMBULA, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, &c. Supported by the following eminent artists, with band and chorus of 60 performers:—Miss Rebecca Leach (from the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, &c.); Miss Fanny Thirlwall (from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane); Miss Amy Batson (her first appearance); Madame Badzey, the Misses McGregor, Mr. W. Parkinson (from Her Majesty's Theatre), Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Bartleman (from Her Majesty's Theatre, &c.).

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—Mrs. BRIAN, Mr. WIELAND, Mr. CRITCHFIELD, the FIVE LITTLE VOKES, Mesdames D'ALBERTE, &c.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—STEVE ETHAIR; the FOUR MARVELS OF PERU; M. DUPONT; the BROTHERS SHAPCOTT, on their Silver Neo Hums; and the SMALLEST DRUMMER IN THE WORLD, three years of age; and the INFANT KENIG.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—D'ALBERTE, the only rival of Blondin.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—The WONDERFUL JULIEN, pronounced to be the most marvellous Trapeze in the World. Musical Director, Mr. Bartleman.

POLYTECHNIC.—ATTRACTIVE

NOVELTIES.—1. Engagement of George Buckland, Esq., for his new Musical Buffo Entertainment "Blue Beard," illustrated with Dissolving Views, Shadow Pantomimic Effects, and concluding, 2, with an entirely new Scenic and splendid Illuminated and Chromatic Fountain Spectacle.—3. New and brilliantly illustrated Lecture by Professor J. H. Pepper, on "Colour in General and Coal-Tar Colours in Particular."—4. New and Magnificent Dioramic Dissolving Views of "London" in the Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian Epochs, with descriptive Lecture by James D. Malcolm, Esq.—For remainder see programme of eight pages.—Open from 12 to 5 and 7 to 10. Admission to the whole, 1s.

WILJALBA FRIKELL, at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, EVERY EVENING, at Eight (except Saturdays); Saturday Afternoon, at Three.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 59, New Bond-street; and at the Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, PALL MALL. The NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d., which will also admit to view FRITH'S CELEBRATED PICTURE of the "DERBY DAY."

THE "DERBY DAY," by W. P. FRITH, R.A., is NOW ON VIEW, at the Upper Gallery, 120, Pall Mall. Admission, 1s., which will also admit to the French Exhibition.

HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE, "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," commenced in Jerusalem in 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 169, New Bond-street.—Admission, 1s.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall-mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENTS PARK.

GENERAL EXHIBITIONS OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, AND FRUIT.

Wednesdays, May 28th, June 18th, and July 9th.

AMERICAN PLANTS, Monday, June 9th.

Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens only, by Vouchers from Fellows or Members of the Society, price, on or before Saturday, May 17th, 4s.; after that day, 5s.; or on the days of exhibition, 7s. 6d. each.

Tickets will be sent by post on the receipt of proper vouchers with Post-office order payable to James De C. Sowerby, Post-office, Albany-street; or postage-stamps.

THE LAST SPRING EXHIBITION, Wednesday, May 7th, at Two o'clock.

MESSRS. FOWLER AND WELLS,

Phrenologists, from New York, have Rooms at 147, Strand, London, E.C., where they may be consulted daily. They Lecture in VESTRY HALL, CHELSEA, May 5th, 6th, and 7th, and in the WHITTINGTON CLUB ROOMS, May 9th, 10th, and 12th.

PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.G.S., commenced a COURSE OF LECTURES on WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 30th, at Nine o'clock, having especial reference to the application of GEOLOGY to ENGINEERING, MINING, ARCHITECTURE, and AGRICULTURE. The Lectures will be continued on each succeeding Friday and Wednesday at the same hour. Fee—£1. 11s. 6d.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

N.B. The Class will be accompanied by the Professor to the British Museum, the Great Exhibition, and to places of Geological interest in the country.

LECTURES ON PHYSICS.—

Dr. TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a course of FORTY LECTURES ON PHYSICS, on MONDAY, the 5th of MAY, at ONE o'clock, at the Government School of Mines, Jermyn-street; to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Monday, at the same hour. Fee for the course, £3.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

MR. D'ORSEY WILL LECTURE IN

LONDON every MONDAY, commencing 5th May; at the City of London College, at 12; at the Church Missionary College, at 2.30; at Westbourne College, at 4.15 and 7. The Lectures at Cambridge as usual, every day but Monday, during term.

C. C. Coll. Cambridge, 1st May, 1862.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON, 67 and 68, Harley-street, W. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1853, for the General Education of Ladies and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

The HALF TERM for the College and School will commence on THURSDAY, MAY 15th.

The MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION for CERTIFICATES will begin on MONDAY, JUNE 23rd. Candidates must give in their Names before June 13th. A Programme of the Examinations is printed, and may be had on application to Mr. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

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Apply for Forms of Proposal, or any information, to the Provincial Agents, the Booking Clerks at the Railway Stations, or to the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. £102,817 have been paid by this Company as compensation for Fifty-six fatal cases, and 5,041 cases of personal injury.

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EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 1840.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

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STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1843.

HEAD OFFICE, 49, MOORGATE-STREET, LONDON.

Extracts from the Report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1861, and presented at the Annual Meeting, held March 3, 1862:—

During the year 1861, 1,532 Proposals were submitted to the Directors for the Assurance of £513,040; of this number, 1,115 were completed, and Policies issued for the sum of £361,960; yielding in Annual Premiums £12,868. 3s. 11d., and 291 stood over for completion at the end of the year; the remainder were either declined or withdrawn.

It will be seen that the new income is larger than in any previous year of the Society's existence.

The Statement of Accounts was read, which indicated the following gratifying results:—

The Society's Income is now £100,980. 8s. 2d.

The Accumulated Fund is £414,231. 5s. 9d.

Being increased during the year by the addition of £53,701. 2s. 9d.

The following Table, in continuation of that presented in the last Annual Report, will best illustrate the progress of the Society during the last six years:—

Year.	No. of Policies Issued.	Sums Assured thereby.	Annual Premiums therefrom.	Total Accumulations from all sources.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1856	603	24,451	6,597 18 3	202,110 7 2
1857	572	22,122	7,735 9 5	238,055 1 7
1858	658	235,350	8,582 0 9	274,797 15 4
1859	812	294,405	10,172 19 6	309,444 5 2
1860	902	336,290	11,312 15 9	360,530 3 0
1861	1,115	361,960	12,868 3 11	414,231 5 9

Applications for assurance may be addressed to any of the Agents of the Society, or to

JESSE HOBSON, Secretary.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 49, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

Sir Claude Scott, Bart.

Henry Pownall, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—The Lord Arthur Lennox.

Deputy Chairman—Sir James Carmichael, Bart.

John Ashburner, Esq., M.D.

T. M. B. Batard, Esq.

Lieut.-Col. Bathurst.

John Gardiner, Esq.

J. W. Huddleston, Esq., Q.C.

Charles Osborne, Esq.

BANKERS.

Sir Claude Scott, Bart., & Co.

Founded in 1845.

To ample security, this Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management.

The Bonuses hitherto declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges are made beyond the premium.

Medical Fees are paid by the Office, in connection with Policies effected with the Company.

For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

ENDOWMENTS FOR CHILDREN are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

Every information will be readily afforded on application to the Secretary or Agents.

EXTRACT FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT, MAY, 1861.

"The Directors are enabled, in rendering their Annual Account, to announce that the year 1860 exhibited a continuance of the same healthy advance on which they last year had to congratulate the Proprietors, and so far as can be foreseen, presents the elements of future prosperity.

"Proposals for the Assurance of £254,033 were made to the Office during the past year, of which amount £197,259 were assured, producing in New Premiums, £5,619. 0s. 8d. The Income of the Office on the 31st December last had reached £46,562. 9s., being an increase over 1859 of £9,700.

"The Accounts, having reference to the last three years, show that the Cash Assets have exceeded the liabilities in a gradually increasing ratio, thus:—

In 1859 the Excess was	£8,269 7 4
1860	12,086 9 11
1861	18,557 0 6

"It will be seen that the amount added to the Funds of the Company during the past year shows a surplus of a very satisfactory character, notwithstanding the payment of £14,184. 14s. 6d. for claims consequent on the Death of Members.

"Since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the Proprietors, the Royal Assent has been given to a Special Act of Parliament, conferring additional powers on the Company.

"As the close of the present year will bring us to the period prescribed for the Valuation of the Business, with a view to the declaration of a Bonus, the Directors very earnestly invite the co-operation of the Proprietors, and all others connected with, or interested in the Office, to assist their efforts in making the present the most successful year of the Company's existence, in order that, individually and collectively, all interests may be advanced."

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

WATERLOO LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
THIS COMPANY OFFERS THE SECURITY
 of a Capital of £400,000. The last Bonus was in 1859, the next valuation will be in 1864.

Claims within the days of Grace paid by this Company.
IMMEDIATE AND DEFERRED ANNUITIES AND ENDOWMENTS.
 New Premium Income for the year 1861, £9,173. 12s.
 Policies granted against ACCIDENTS or DISEASE totally disabling the Assured, for a small extra premium.
 Paid-up Policies granted after five Annual Payments.
 Half Credit Premium system for five years.
 Forms on application to the Office, 355, Strand, London.

THE BANTRY BAY SLATE AND SLAB COMPANY (Limited).

Capital £15,000 in 3,000 shares of £5 each. Deposit £1 on application, and £1 upon allotment.

Registered under the Limited Liability Acts.

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Joshua Finner, Esq., 1, Cecil-street, Strand.
 Henry Jordan, Esq., 7, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly.
 Edward Frederick Leeks, Esq., 2, Walbrook, E.C.
 Major-General Mason, Brompton.
 Hon. Francis Henry Needham, 121, Pall-mall.

BANKERS.—Bank of London, Threadneedle-street.

AUDITORS.—To be elected by the Shareholders.

SECRETARY.—Mr. Nainby.

Offices.—4, Lothbury.

Full prospectuses, with forms of applications for shares, and reports on the Quarry, with an estimate of expenditure and income, can be had from the Brokers or Secretary.

Applications for Shares can be sent to the Bankers, or, if more convenient, to any of the Brokers, or Secretary, at the Offices, 4, Lothbury, where specimens of slates and slabs can be seen, and all other information obtained.

BANTRY BAY SLATE AND SLAB COMPANY (Limited).

NOTICE OF ALLOTMENT OF SHARES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a large number of applications for Shares in this Company having been already sent in, the Directors will meet to consider them, and make the necessary allotments on MONDAY, MAY 12th.

By order,

E. NAINBY, Secretary.

BANTRY BAY SLATE AND SLAB COMPANY (Limited).

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that all APPLICATIONS for SHARES in this Company must be sent to the Bankers, Brokers, or Secretary, at the Company's Offices, 4, Lothbury, London, on or before SATURDAY, the 10th MAY.

By order,

E. NAINBY, Secretary.

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	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	s.
Table Knives per doz.	14	0	16	0	19	0	23	0	29
Dessert ditto	12	0	12	0	15	0	18	0	23
Carvers, Joint, per pair	4	6	5	6	6	6	7	6	8

DISH COVERS and HOT WATER DISHES.
 DEANE & CO. invite particular attention to their varied and excellent Assortment of these Goods, to which they are continually adding all Modern Approved Patterns in Electro Plate, Britannia Metal, and Tin.

	£	s.	£	s.	£	s.	£	s.	£	s.
Britannia Metal, set of 5	3	0	3	6	3	10	4	0	5	15
" " " " " " " "	4	5	4	13	5	0	5	8	7	17
Block Tin, set of 6	0	18	1	10	2	0	2	2	2	17
" " " " " " " "	1	4	2	0	2	13	2	17	3	14
Electro Plate, set of 4	12	8	12	12	14	0	15	0	15	26

ELECTRO-PLATED SPOONS and FORKS.
 The best manufacture, well finished, strongly plated. Every article stamped with our mark, and guaranteed.

	FIDDLE.	REERED.	KING'S.	LILY.
	Second quality.	Best.	Second.	Best.
Table Spoons, per doz.	33	0	40	44
Table Forks	31	0	38	44
Dessert Forks	23	0	29	32
Dessert Spoons	24	0	30	32
Tea Spoons	14	6	18	22

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A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability, as follows:—

	Fiddle or old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	Lily Pattern.	King's or Military &c.
12 Table Forks	£ 1 13 0	£ 2 4 0	£ 2 10 0	£ 2 15 0
12 Table Spoons	1 13 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 1 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
Total	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

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34-inch Ivory Handles	s. d. 12 6	s. d. 10 0	s. d. 4 3
34-inch Fine Ivory Handles	15 0	11 6	4 3
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles	18 0	14 0	4 6
4-inch Fine Ivory Handles	14 0	17 0	7 3
4-inch Finest African Ivory Handles	32 0	26 0	11 0
Ditto with Silver Ferules	40 0	33 0	12 6
Ditto, Carved Handles, Silver Ferules	50 0	43 0	17 6
Nickel Electro Silver Handles, any Pattern	25 0	19 0	7 6
Silver Handles, of any Pattern	84 0	54 0	21 0

BONE and HORN HANDLES.—KNIVES and FORKS PER DOZEN.

White Bone Handles	11 0	8 6	2 6
Ditto Balance Handles	21 0	17 0	4 6
Black Horn Rimmed Shoulders	17 0	14 0	4 0
Ditto Very Strong Riveted Handles	12 0	9 0	3 0

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